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The Feminization of America

by Christopher Caldwell

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William Jefferson Milosevic and CCRI

The story so far: On Election Day, California voters approved Proposition 209, the California Civil Rights Initiative, by 54 to 46 percent. CCRI mandates that in state employment, contracting, and education, California treat all people alike—no matter their color and no matter whether they are men or women. In other words, no more "affirmative action" racial and gender preferences in state and state-funded activities.

Before the month was out (as detailed last week by Matthew Rees), Thelton E. Henderson, one of Jimmy Carter's federal judges, put the new law on ice at the behest of the usual liberal litigants (the ACLU, et al.). With breathtaking arrogance and Orwellian hostility to the plain meaning of words, Henderson ruled that CCRI might violate the "equal protection" clause of the U.S. Constitution (to which clause, it can fairly be argued, CCRI is more faithful than federal law and federal judges).

Enter President Clinton, who weighed in, sort of, in a most curious way. On December 10, he took the occasion of remarks naming a new director of the Voice of America to say, more or less, that his administration is about to jump in head first and land like a ton of bricks on the side of Judge Henderson and his pet litigants, and against the voters of California.

"As all of you know," the president said, "I opposed publicly and strongly [Prop.] 209. I thought it was bad policy for the people of California, and a bad example for America. Whether it is unconstitutional is a different question, and our people are working very hard [at the Justice Department and the White House counsel's office] to work through the legal and constitutional issues to give me a recommendation about what we should do and how we should do it. And I am eager to get their recommendation."

Mere seconds later, a reporter asked a seemingly unrelated question about what message the president would like to send to the Serbian dictator Slobodan Milosevic, who—how best to put this?—opposed publicly and strongly the victory of his political enemies in local elections last month, which victory he thought was bad policy for the people of Yugoslavia and a bad example for Greater Serbia. So he nullified it.

Said President Clinton to President Milosevic: "Elections should be respected and the voice of the people should be heard; and the human, political, and civil rights of the people should be respected. . . . Our sympathies are always with free people who are struggling to express their freedom and want to have the integrity of their elections respected."

Hear, hear. And while you're at it, Mr. President, tell it to your Justice Department; tell it to the federal judiciary; and then try telling it, with a straight face, to the free people of California.

More Mush from the Wimp

What a confusing week for human rights activists. On Monday, December 9, President Clinton played Tickle-Me Bill when China's defense minister, Gen. Chi Haotian, the Tiananmen trigger-man, dropped by the White House for a romp.

The next day, International Human Rights Day, the president tried to beef up his human-rights reputation by giving some mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the deservedly dormant United Nations Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination Against Women. (Let's see . . . UNCEAFDAW?) The treaty was approved by the U.N. in 1979 and by President Carter in 1980, but was prudently never sent to the Senate. Clinton's resurrection of it will certainly please human rights activists (at least those on the left) miffed by Monday's heart-to-heart with Chi. And it also afforded the president the opportunity to scold the Senate, especially those nasty Republicans, by calling their failure to ratify the treaty an "embarrassment."

Not so fast. There's a good reason why every Senate since 1979, Republican and Democratic, has let this sleeping dog lie. Rather than an actual human-rights treaty, the document is the National Organization for Women's blueprint for utopia. It mandates complete sex equality in the military, the overthrow of market wages and implementation of "comparable worth" pay scales, rigid gender quotas, abortion on demand, and federally mandated child care.

The only embarrassment here is that of seeing the president capitulate, on successive days, to the Tyranny of Tiananmen and the Tyranny of Estrogen.

The Not-So-Mighty Quinn

For good reason, the biggest turnover in the Clinton White House occurs in the post of chief counsel. The latest to leave is Jack Quinn, who quit abruptly on December 11. The reason: Quinn chafed because he wasn't in control of the most important legal work being

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done at the White House, namely running the defense of the Clintons in various scandals. That job was handled by Harold Ickes, who was the de facto boss of Mark Fabiani and Jane Sherburne, the two lawyers on Quinn's staff who dealt with the press on Whitewater and the rest. Despite the departure of Ickes, Fabiani, and Sherburne before Clinton's second term begins, Quinn discovered little would change. So he quit for "personal reasons."

Thurgood, We Hardly Knew Ye . . .

When *USA Today* broke the news earlier this month that Thurgood Marshall, while lawyering for the NAACP, had cooperated with J. Edgar Hoover's FBI, elite opinion first gulped, then sputtered, then . . . sputtered some more.

The *New York Times* hurried to instruct that the "controversy" over the "newly released . . . files, indicating that [Marshall] gave the Bureau information on Communists . . . shows the great danger of assessing history out of context." What context? "Mr. Marshall may have cooperated with the FBI, but he did not do so as Hoover's stooge." Said the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "It would be premature to make much of [these] revelations." And the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*: "Marshall's extended cooperation with the FBI appears in hindsight to have been pragmatic," for "Hoover . . . appears to have steered his seek-and-destroy mission away from the NAACP and Marshall and on to more enticing targets like Martin Luther King, Jr." Jesse Jackson admonished, "The attempts to discredit Dr. King and Thurgood Marshall with the FBI did not work in life and will not work in death. The reality is [get ready for some Jacksonian alliteration], contact is not cooperation." And so on.

It was remarkable to witness the confusion of the opinion-makers—What is the line, now?—and to observe the rush to protect a liberal icon from the apparently unbearable charge that he worked with the country's chief crime investigator to prevent his civil-rights organization from being subverted and overtaken by men loyal to Joseph Stalin.

Marshall's son, Thurgood Marshall, Jr., an aide to Vice President Gore, should have the last word. He described the relationship between Hoover and his father as an "ironic twist" and allowed, "He [Thurgood Sr.] seemed to rely [on the Bureau] a lot." Marshall's reputation will survive this latest bit of intelligence—for some, enhanced.

'Tis the Season!

Under pressure from People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, the highly annoying group of busybodies that pursues its mission under the banner of "animal rights," the National Park Service has removed nine deer from the Pageant of Peace on the Washington Mall's Ellipse, behind the White House. Each Christmas, from time immemorial, the deer have been trucked in to graze in a 20-by-30-foot pen as a tribute to Santa's reindeer. A nice touch, you might think, and a delight for the kids. Well, we'll be having no more of that. As one animal rights-er noted to the *Washington Post*, the deer looked "sad." Now, presumably, they look ecstatic, back on their farm in the Shenandoah Valley. For all the talk of animal rights, the real mission of PETA is to ensure that no one—at least, no human being—takes any pleasure in anything remotely related to animals, and success follows success.

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Casual

Withholding the Facts of Life

I have a new grandson with the admirable name of Nicholas Charles Epstein. Nick Charles, moviegoers will happily recall, is the name of the suave detective played by William Powell in the *Thin Man* movies. A friend, when told of my new grandson's name, said she hopes it won't be long before he's sitting around in silk pajamas and a Sulka robe, sipping martinis. I look forward to that day for him, too. I only hope—for reasons I shall go into presently—that my son has the good sense, in fact the decency, never to tell the boy the facts of life.

William Powell

A few years ago I was sitting in a Chinese restaurant in New York with three intellectual friends, chatting away, as befits members of the chattering class, about this and that, when in the vagaries of conversation the fact arose that none of us, as kids, had been told the facts of life by our fathers. We were all of a certain age—beyond, that is, 50—and hence born in a less psychological time than the one in which we now live. Yet three of the four of us had sons, and we each admitted that we hadn't told them the facts of life either.

To do so, we all agreed, was so awkward as to be quite impossible. I thought about telling my sons the facts of life, but could not imagine taking them off into a room and, illustrated book in hand, starting to talk in a vocabulary that included such words as "pudenda," "labia," and "seminal ejaculation." These boys had been trained in humor, light-irony division, and they would, I fear, have laughed their old man out of the house.

Sex education was no part of my public education. In my high school we had something called hygiene that was part of gym class, in which we were taught—I use the word "taught" very loosely—the evil effects of alcohol and nicotine and the rudiments of first aid. In first aid, we were given large cloth bandages, which we used not for slings or tourniquets but to bind and gag one another in the back of the room.

Meanwhile, sex education went on down the hall in print shop, where vocational students produced something called "eight-pagers." These featured familiar comic-book characters in brief pornographic melodramas. "Take it easy, baby," I still recall Moon Mullins more than forty years later exclaiming in an eight-pager, "I wanna use this joy stick again sometime."

I wonder if my father ever considered telling me the facts of life. I rather doubt it. He was a busy man. The only advice I can remember his providing on the subject was his invocation to "Be careful." I believe he told me this one morning on the way out of the house. It was a little unclear what I was to be careful about. Venereal disease, perhaps. Maybe pregnancy. In any case, I didn't have to worry too much about being careful. What I wanted, of course, was to be as un-careful as possible. The problem was that the girls I went out with in high school turned out to be more than careful enough for the both of us.

I can scarcely imagine my father's father telling him the facts of life. He was a scholarly man, interested in Hebrew education in Montreal. He had had ten children, which makes me think that no one had told him about the facts of life either. He was a very elevated gent, who always wore suits with vests, a watch on a gold chain, and a prettily groomed goatee. He dispensed philosophy, not sexology. Difficult—impossible, really—to imagine him instructing his eight sons in the intricacies of female anatomy.

I hope, as I say, that my son will not make the mistake of sitting my grandson down and filling him in on the facts of life. In our family, after all, we have a tradition going back four full generations in which the men have been autodidacts in these matters, and traditions must be preserved.

Perhaps not everyone knows about the Hungarian countess who asks her husband if he has yet told their fifteen-year-old son about "the birds and the bees." The count replies that he has indeed forgot, but will do so forthwith. The next day he is walking through his estate with his son. "You know, Anton," he begins, somewhat tentatively, "the time has come for me to tell you about the birds and the bees." "What about the birds and the bees, Papa?" the boy asks. "Well, Anton," the count continues, "you will recall that two weeks ago when we were walking along this same path we passed two beautiful young peasant girls." "Yes, Papa," says the boy. "Well, my boy," concludes the count, "what we did with those two girls—it seems the birds and the bees do it, too."

Joseph Epstein

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DEATH HAPPENS

Our decadent culture does its utmost to distract us from a stubborn reality: After we die, we must face a righteous God on Judgment Day. Amazingly, many clergymen are accomplices to this cover-up.

Go to a mod Catholic funeral: Father Fluff plays God and *automatically* places "good ole Charlie" in Heaven with the angels and saints — especially if Charlie was "martyred" by AIDS — and never mind that everyone knows Charlie was a scoundrel and never darkened the door of Father's church.

Or go to a "relevant" Mass: You sing a few ditties with Hallmark-card lyrics, dutifully clap for Sister Silly's liturgical dance, listen to Father Flake's pop-psychology rap, and, if Father hasn't butchered the words of the liturgy too badly, you realize that Christ is our Savior. *But what are we saved from?*

Even though both the Bible and the *Catechism* warn of eternal damnation, you never hear about Hell in church. Apparently, nobody goes down the Bottomless Pit anymore, so it dawns on you that we're saved from something else — probably low self-esteem. *Aha*! So that's why Jesus bothered to get Himself crucified! (Oh, sorry, delete "Himself." Some prickly feminist might be offended.)

You soon realize that while church is supposed to make you feel good about yourself, you get more satisfaction when you curl up in bed with the paper and a few hot chocolates on Sunday morning. So you make your nest your church.

Then you read that Bishop Bubbles himself says he just can't figure out why church attendance has dropped dramatically.

Actually, it's not hard to fathom: Many intelligent people find trendy churches superficial and utterly irrelevant to their eternal destiny. Some become lapsed Catholics, and others, if they can't find a solid Catholic parish, jump ship for, say, an Evangelical church. It's a sociological fact that churches which are *not* "nonjudgmental" about sin, which focus on Heaven *and Hell*, are the ones that are growing.

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A Newt Kind of Federalism

William F. Connolly, Jr. makes valid and useful points on the proper balance between the legislative and executive branches of government ("Newt, the Anti-Federalist," Dec. 2). It is, however, more accurate to describe me as a member of the Jeffersonian wing of the Federalist party. That wing believed in a constitution, but also it also believed that the constitution should be limited in its scope and reach. In Federalist No. 48, Madison quotes Jefferson extensively on the need for sufficient checks on each branch. It was Jefferson who was most responsible for the inclusion of the Tenth Amendment, which explicitly reserves powers to the people.

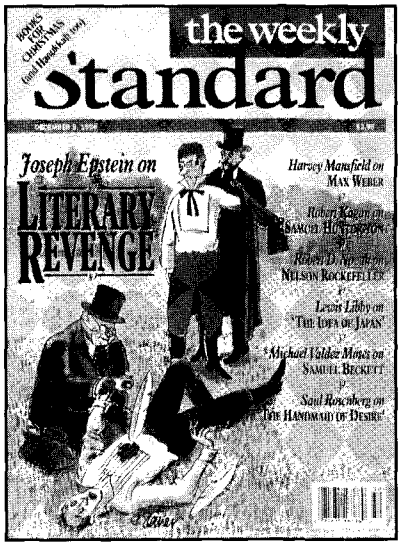
Constitutionalists placed Congress, the direct agent of the people, ahead of the president. In endorsing the Constitution, the *Federalist Papers* placed the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of government in order of importance. Madison particularly recognized the primacy of the legislative branch—especially the House—in peacetime; yet, the constitutionalists were also acutely aware that larger governing bodies (such as the federal government) tend to dominate smaller ones (such as the states) if left unchecked. Thus, they included explicit checks on the powers of each branch.

To those who believe that the 1995 House Republicans thought we could accomplish everything on our own, I cite my April 7, 1995, address to the Republican conference upon completion of the Contract with America: ". . . the founding fathers . . . deliberately designed a system which dispersed power to the House, the Senate, the president, the Supreme Court, and which reserved powers to the states and to the people. . . . Yes, it's going to be difficult to pass these things. That's the American way. And of course we're going to have to work hard in the Senate, and of course we're going to have to negotiate with the president, and of course the American people are going to have to let their will be known. But why should we be afraid of that? That is freedom."

NEWT GINGRICH
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Newt Gingrich an anti-Federalist congressional supremacist? What a stretch. Here's the man who gave Clinton the line-item veto, told the Treasury to bypass Congress in the Mexican bailout, wants executive discretion in war and peace, and rammed through legislation giving executive bureaucracies power over Congress's labor practices. Plus, to get reelected he claimed his capitalist opponent violated a federal child-labor law.

Gingrich and I once spoke at a panel discussion of American history. I took the pure anti-Federalist position, praising the Articles over the Constitution. Gingrich said I was un-American. Meanwhile, the anti-Federalists have proven excellent prognosticators. They



feared the Constitution would raise up a leviathan state, in which men like Clinton and Gingrich would hold our fate in their hands.

LLEWELLYN H. ROCKWELL, JR.
AUBURN, AL

Get Tough on China

Warren Christopher's comments to the Chinese were far from perfect, but they were exactly what one expects to hear from the worst secretary of state this country has ever known ("Kowtowing to Beijing," Dec. 9). Imperfect as this country might be, there are still thousands, if not millions, who would give everything they own, including their lives, to make it their home.

The Clinton administration's soft treatment of the Chinese government is deplorable. China is arming itself to the highest degree and poses an as of yet unimagined threat, not only to the region but to the world. This is in addition to its human-rights abuses and protectionist trade policies. The Clinton administration must not appease China by looking away. We should take every opportunity to remind China that we are watching and that we will not bestow a generous trade policy on a government that cruelly abuses its own citizens.

JULIA ABRAMSON
RAHWAY, NJ

Men Behaving Badly

Regarding Neil Munro's "In the Future, Men's Abortions" (Dec. 9): Finally, someone points out the hypocrisy of women (and the "sensitive" men who support their cause) who insist that a man has no say in a woman's right to terminate his genetic material and who, at the same time, demand that once a woman "chooses to exercise the option by giving birth," a man has no choice but to assume "paternal responsibilities."

But Munro's humorous exposé of this double standard ends with a questionable case. No doubt the defense in the fictional lawsuit would point out that the plaintiff willfully gave his genetic material. Therefore, the genetic material could reasonably be considered a gift, for her to use as she pleases. While he could still maintain the right to abort his paternal responsibilities, he wouldn't really have a case that she defrauded him. Perhaps in the future we will see pre-conception agreements, which some of us used to refer to as marriage.

JOANNE HALL
TAMPA, FL

Weber: A Sense of Tragedy

Did Harvey Mansfield write a review of my book, *Max Weber: Politics and the Spirit of Tragedy*, or did he simply take out his old lecture notes on Leo Strauss's disputes with Weber and thrash out the tired controversy over the fact-value distinction ("The Tragedy of Max Weber," Dec. 9)? Why

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does he deny Weber a sensibility to tragedy, without mentioning the parallels to Melville and Lincoln that I draw in the book? Indeed why does Mansfield deny the presence of what he claims is not there? "At one point, Diggins says Weber may be a better guide to our country today than the author of *Democracy in America*. Diggins does not elaborate on this point, and it is understandable that he doesn't, because a serious comparison between the two does not favor Weber."

Come now. The entire 20-page introduction compares Weber with Tocqueville, and, as the index indicates, the theme continues through the text. Consider what Tocqueville optimistically prophesied about America in the 1830s and compare such hopes with what America became in 1900, as it was seen by thinkers like Weber, Veblen, Santayana, and Henry Adams.

Tocqueville predicted that America need not worry about Old World political corruption or democracy's domination by money and plutocratic politics; that the American family, presided over by happy and virtuous women who would never think of divorce, would continue to be the custodian of morality; that honest work and production would continue to be esteemed, and leisure and consumption disdained; that religiosity could possibly prevent the advent of "pernicious materialism"; that the legal profession, acting like a European aristocracy, would assure independence of judgment and respect for the integrity of law; and that the mediocrity of politicians would not necessarily impair the quality of leadership or the operation of government.

If all of the above prophecies have been borne out, why do conservatives bemoan the moral and political state of America today? The answer seems clear enough. Nowhere in the review did Mansfield deal with the substantive issues of the book, and nowhere does he concede that I acknowledge the shortcomings of Weber's own positions. A strange review coming from a journal supposedly devoted to a weekly standard.

JOHN PATRICK DIGGINS
NEW YORK, NY

HARVEY MANSFIELD RESPONDS: ***I said Professor Diggins's book was interesting, and he should have been content with that. My review did cover all the substantive issues he raised in his fabulously excellent book, plus one or two poor ones of my own. Satisfied now?***

FISCAL CONS/SOCIAL MODS

Fred Barnes completely misreads the results of the November election to justify his point of view ("The Moderate Crack-Up," Dec. 2). The fact is that Northeast voters favor Republican candidates who are fiscally conservative/socially moderate over social conservatives. This election and others prove it.

Barnes focuses his analysis on the losing Senate campaigns of Bill Weld and Dick Zimmer and the losing congressional campaigns of Bill Martini and Kathe Donovan. What he fails to point out is that each of these candidates ran 8 to 20 points ahead of Bob Dole (social conservative).

Barnes uses the example of Mike Pappas (social conservative), who squeaked out a three-point win in Zimmer's old district. But what Barnes did not report is that Zimmer won this district handily by 30 or more points in each of his three campaigns.

In the Northeast, many Republicans and independents saw the Republican candidates as intolerant and too socially conservative. In New Jersey, turnout dropped 16 percent—primarily in Republican areas. Urban and suburban Democratic turnout increased. Thanks in part to Republican assaults on immigration and affirmative action, minority turnout increased dramatically. Democrats in New Jersey won the minority vote by a 9 to 1 margin.

No matter how hard Barnes tries to spin the results, the future of the Republican party in the Northeast lies with Republicans like Weld, Zimmer, Christie Whitman, George Pataki, and John Rowland.

LAWRENCE WEITZNER
SKILLMAN, NJ

FRED BARNES RESPONDS: ***I'll quibble with one point. My piece said social liberals, not social moderates, lost big in November. And I believe Zimmer, having voted in favor of partial-birth abortion, is a social liberal.***

NOT SO RETICENT PRAISE

The Repeal of Reticence may be a brilliant new book about the rupturing of privacy ("The Repeal of Reticence," Dec 2). But another book must be recognized as foreseeing the collapse of decency and of personal integrity in the light of journalistic predation, and also as a result of the new freedom with which sexual life could be publicized with shameless language: George Steiner's *Language and Silence*, first published in 1967.

Since I vigorously opposed Steiner's ideas at the time, and do not find them congenial now, it is right that I should say that, in many respects, he was right.

FREDERIC RAPHAEL
LAGARDELLE, FRANCE

FAULTY TOWERS OF DEFENSE

While reading Matthew Rees's profile of Bill Gertz ("He Drives Them Crazy," Dec. 2), I was reminded of Winston Churchill, who, supplied with facts about German rearmament, began asking Parliament to strengthen Britain's air force as early as 1934. Churchill's facts came from sources with access to the German figures, and they drove the Baldwin/Chamberlain government crazy—just what Gertz does to the White House and the State Department. But the irony is that Gertz's information is in the hands of our government. Only when it is leaked do we know the degree to which our lives are in jeopardy.

RICHARD ROBERTS
FAIRFAX, CA

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SELLING OUT TO CHINA

It's sort of like "the California goldfields in 1849," reports the trade publication *Restaurant Business*: China has 1.2 billion hungry people, but only one fast-food joint for every 5 million of them. Better get a move on, the magazine advises; "the time to break into China is now." PepsiCo made its own pioneering break in 1987, opening a Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet in Beijing. It is determined to maintain that lead. "Hot Wings do big business in China," a spokesman gushes, "and the Zinger spicy sandwich is doing extremely well." So well that the company is on a crash construction project, building 300 KFCs across the mainland in the next two years. And "we still can't keep up with demand." Oh, Susannah!

The People's Republic is already the world's third largest economy, and it has been growing at better than 10 percent a year. There's profit in them thar hills, no question about it. And American corporations large and small are lining up for the chance to extract it, lest the French and Germans beat us to the punch. U.S. annual investment commitments to China have grown more than twentyfold since 1990, for a cumulative total of roughly $25 billion. From this economic contact, and the bilateral trade it helps lubricate, there are lower U.S. consumer prices on things like toys, footwear, and textile goods—and American access to a potential export market worth hundreds of thousands of jobs. America "wins."

And Beijing wins, too. It gets to use the hard currency it derives from such commerce to . . . ahem, sustain the sadistic regime it imposes on its citizens, modernize its gigantic army, and expand its malign influence throughout Asia. Which troubling little details, the more you think about them, raise a serious question whether there's actually a prize worth winning in the race for ever-less-restricted U.S. trade with China.

Nonsense, say the business associations. Nonsense, says the "responsible" bipartisan foreign-policy fraternity in Washington—the Clinton White House loudest of all. The governing consensus holds that the call for aggressive U.S. resistance to Chinese communism is futile, counterproductive, an expression of infantile romanticism, and a vestige of Cold War thinking no grownup Western nation can (literally) afford. Ask a CEO or State Department official to express outrage over the latest Beijing show trial or arms sale or international security threat, and he looks at you as he would an impertinent teenager.

AS IS OFTEN TRUE OF SOPHISTICATED ATTITUDES, THE NEW ANTI-ANTI-COMMUNISM IS CONSTRUCTED OF FAULTY LOGIC AND GANGRENOUS MORALITY.

It's a sophisticated attitude, this new anti-anti-communism about China. As is often true of sophisticated attitudes, it is constructed of faulty logic and gangrenous morality.

China is nicer now than it once was, we are reminded. If it is granted more frequent contact with friendly American capitalism and its liberating digital communications technology, China will osmotically become nicer still. A sweet idea, this—and one that may have some long-term force on the margins. But in short-term practice, it is a fantasy. China remains a horrible place, as every CIA and Amnesty International report makes clear. And China's rulers regard modern capitalism not as a lesson in democracy, but simply as a tool for the preservation of their rule.

American businesses active in China know this full well. All too many of them seem not to care. A Massachusetts company called Bay Networks is investing in technology designed to allow Beijing to censor the Internet, whose Chinese users must already register with the police. "We are not making a judgment on the political appropriateness of their system," a company executive has told *Newsweek*. "All our equipment knows is, there's a packet of data that is here, and it needs to get there." Globalstar of San Jose has just won a contract to provide satellite telephone service in China. Why did it win? Because its proposed design

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offered the best opportunity for Chinese security forces to wiretap transmissions and identify callers. Globalstar's American competitors are magnanimous in defeat. "China's ruling regime has whatever right to exert pressure on its people as it elects to exert," one of them insists. "We as global citizens have to be able to honor those demands."

Under pressure from such "global citizens," U.S. diplomacy has lost its moorings. For decades after World War II, it was the gospel of leftist pseudo-*realpolitik* that American anti-communism was a fancy disguise for American business interests—that the point was corporate lucre, not liberty. That criticism was libelous. The United States spent trillions of dollars and risked its national survival to contain the Soviet Union and defend Europe against Moscow's expansionist ambitions. And we probably threw away a good number of juicy business contracts in the process. Not simply because we are a generous people, but because our national character required it. For America as an *idea*, business as usual with a totalitarian state is always too expensive.

But we have no leverage with China on human rights and such, comes the response; when we object to their behavior, they ignore us. They ignore us because we let them. We have no leverage because . . . well, we *do* have leverage, it turns out. The United States buys almost a third of China's exports. But we choose to use that leverage only where software piracy and tariffs and intellectual property rights are concerned. Beijing doesn't mind a pure money bargain, the thinking goes, but talk about democracy really drives them up the wall. So with the U.S.-China Business Council whispering in his ear, our president keeps his mouth shut. And happily welcomes China's defense minister, Gen. Chi Haotian, architect of Tiananmen Square, into the Oval Office on December 9 for a pleasant chat.

The very next day, Wei-Blank Shanshan accepted the European Parliament's Sakharov Prize for human rights. Western statesmen "allow themselves to be deluded by the mirage of the great Chinese 'market of the future,'" she complained. Her brother, Wei Jingsheng, the European Parliament's actual honoree, could not attend the ceremony. China's most famous dissident, Wei has spent all but seven months since March 1979 in prison, and he is currently serving a sentence that will keep him there another 13 years. Wei first came to prominence for essays he posted on Beijing's Democracy Wall. Democracy Wall has long since been demolished, of course. PepsiCo has erected a Pizza Hut on the site.

Surely the United States must stand for more than this. China will be much in the news these next few months. By treaty with Great Britain, it will assume control over Hong Kong and abolish its elected legislature. (A replacement provisional legislature will be "elected," without popular vote, on December 21.) The annual Washington debate over China's "most favored nation" trade status will begin early next summer. And in the meantime any number of lower-profile decisions about U.S. trade with China may get made. China's accession to the World Trade Organization. Liberalized controls on exports of American technology that the Chinese People's Liberation Army might well adapt to military use. An end to those American trade sanctions that remain from the aftermath of Tiananmen. Expanded U.S. government assistance to American companies operating in China.

Beijing wants it all. American business wants Beijing to have it, in the interests of profit and as a sign of U.S. respect. But Beijing does not deserve American respect. President Clinton should withhold it. And if he continues to prove himself hopeless on the subject, Congress—especially a Republican majority claiming the mantle of Ronald Reagan—should shake off the pro-China, "pro-business" establishmentarianism that now covers Washington like smog and do its best to restore honor to American foreign policy.

—David Tell, for the Editors

Clinton's China Thorn

by Matthew Rees

When China's defense minister, Chi Haotian, was granted an extraordinary meeting with President Clinton in the Oval Office on December 9, Chi's role as the military leader of the 1989 Tiananmen Square massacre barely made a ripple in official Washington. Oh, a few get-tough-on-China Republicans, like Sen. Jesse Helms and Rep. Chris Smith, complained about it. But only one congressional Democrat dared criticize the White House for receiving the general with full military honors: Rep. Nancy Pelosi of California. "The Clinton administration has given great face to the hardliners of the Chinese regime," Pelosi said last week.

The San Francisco Democrat has been a thorn in the administration's side from the moment Clinton

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began backtracking from making human rights in China a top priority. Indeed, she has emerged as the most outspoken critic in Congress of U.S. policy toward China. Last year, she tried to get Hillary Clinton to stay home rather than attend the United Nations women's conference in Beijing (the first lady went, of course), and Pelosi has attended demonstrations outside the Chinese embassy in Washington. Mike Jendrzejczyk of Human Rights Watch calls Pelosi "the conscience of the Congress on China and human rights."

In part, that's due to local politics—her district, 28.7 percent Asian American, is attentive to such issues—but the representative, recently elected to a sixth term, began to campaign for human rights in China after watching the Chinese military destroy the pro-democracy movement by murdering demonstrators in Tiananmen Square.

A few weeks later, she introduced legislation to extend the visas of Chinese students in the United States, many of whom had been critical of Beijing and feared reprisals. President Bush vetoed the bill, however, and an override attempt narrowly failed.

Pelosi continued to press for changes in U.S. policy, and in September 1991 she and two House colleagues traveled to Beijing. After meeting with an array of government officials, the group visited Tiananmen Square and unfurled a small banner in memory of those massacred. With television cameras rolling, and about 100 Chinese observing, local police intervened and a minor scuffle broke out. The Foreign Ministry denounced the affair as "a premeditated farce which could only arouse great indignation from the Chinese people."

Pelosi, a lifelong Democrat whose father, Thomas d'Alesandro, was mayor of Baltimore, says Bill Clinton's victory in 1992 made her "optimistic" there would be a change in U.S. China policy. "The president didn't have to do much to signal to the Chinese that promoting democratic freedoms was a pillar of our foreign policy," she told me. She has been sorely disappointed.

In April 1993, she and then-Senate majority leader George Mitchell introduced legislation setting strict conditions on the renewal of China's most-favored-nation trade status. This put Clinton, who had made Bush's softness on China a campaign issue, in a difficult spot. He wriggled out of it by issuing an executive order that featured some links between U.S.-China trade and China's human rights record.

Kevin Chadwick

Nancy Pelosi

At the time, Pelosi hailed the order as "a very bold and historic move." But a year later, Clinton renewed China's most-favored-nation status and explained to Pelosi in a 50-minute telephone conversation that he was "delinking" trade and human rights.

In other words, he was defying his own executive order, which prompted Pelosi to tell me that "there's no reason for the Chinese to worry about any statement the president makes about promoting democratic freedoms, because they know it doesn't apply to them." She complains that China policy has been formulated not by the State Department, but by Commerce and Defense.

The Republican takeover of Congress hasn't resulted in any major changes in China policy; the GOP leadership is in sync with the administration. But Pelosi does have allies across the aisle. She and Rep. Frank Wolf, a conservative Virginia Republican who has called the current regime "the evil empire of modern times," are co-chairmen of a working group that pushes a more restrictive approach to China. The group regularly sends letters to Secretary of State Warren Christopher, and occasionally its labors bear fruit. When China sought to intimidate Taiwan in March by launching missile tests, pressure from Pelosi and GOP representative Chris Cox helped convince the administration it needed to deploy aircraft carriers to the region.

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The bipartisanship will continue: Right now, Pelosi's and Jesse Helms's China aides are traveling together on a month-long mission in Asia.

Cooperation will become ever more important in the year ahead as Pelosi and her congressional allies wage their lonely fight. The debate over China has not been moving in their direction, and the new national security adviser, Sandy Berger, has a well-documented pro-China history—he lobbied for renewal of China's most-favored-nation status while at the Washington law firm of Hogan & Hartson.

But therein lies an opening. If, as many expect, China tries to apply its totalitarian practices in Hong Kong after taking control in June, administration officials will find themselves under pressure to reassess their apologist approach. And that might mean more meetings in Pelosi's Capitol Hill office, where a replica of the "Goddess of Democracy" statue put up in Tiananmen Square before the massacre stands as a reminder of one member's passions. ♦

DISSING ALBRIGHT

by Helle Bering-Jensen

YOU WOULD THINK that the nomination of U.N. Ambassador Madeleine Albright to be secretary of state would have been feted with hosannas by Bill Clinton's Washington constituency. A woman, and this after 63 men in the job! One might be forgiven for thinking that the sound of cheers would be drowned out only by the shattering of the much-touted glass ceiling.

And yet there was something odd in the response to the president's announcement of Albright on December 5. Republicans expressed confidence in Albright's abilities and respectful disagreement with her opinions, which many of them had battled especially in the first year of the administration. Sen. Jesse Helms called Mrs. Albright a "tough and courageous lady" and predicted a smooth confirmation process. On *Larry King Live*, former secretary of state George Shultz said that he thought the country would be in good hands. The reaction of some liberals, however, can only be described as amazingly condescending.

REMARKABLY, LIBERALS DECIDED TO HOLD MADELEINE ALBRIGHT TO THE SAME DISMISSIVE STANDARD THEY USED ON CLARENCE THOMAS: SHE COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN CHOSEN BECAUSE OF HER SEX.

Feminists immediately did their best to reduce Albright's selection to a political payoff—an acknowledgement by the president not of Albright's own skills, but of feminist clout. Patricia Ireland of the National Organization for Women took credit for the choice because, she said, she pushed Albright in meetings with Clinton. On *Nightline*, Ireland's rival Eleanor Smeal argued that, unlike other secretaries of state, Albright will have not one but two constituencies: the president of the United States and the women of the world, who saw to it that she could preside in Foggy Bottom. Clinton was the first president to have been "elected by a gender gap," Smeal said, and so women had some chits to call in here.

Remarkably, other liberals decided to hold Albright to the same dismissive standard they had used on Clarence Thomas's nomination to the Supreme Court: She could only have been chosen because of her sex. Hodding Carter, State Department spokesman under President Carter, said on *Nightline* that he was delighted with the selection, but, objectively speaking, would someone with Albright's qualifications but a first name of, say, Max, ever have gotten this chance? Not likely, in Carter's view. On the *Newshour with Jim Lehrer*, Mark Shields expressed distress with what he thought was presidential disingenousness about Albright's ascension. He demanded, "Was he aware she was a woman? You'd better believe it!" And, Shields asked, "Why can't he be honest about it?"

Washington Post columnist Jim Hoagland was harsher; he derided Albright as an intellectual lightweight who "will serve as a spokesman for Clinton more than as an originator of policy or grand principles. The heavy lifting in shaping foreign policy is likely to be done by [national security adviser Sandy] Berger and [deputy secretary of state] Strobe Talbott."

What gives? It is ludicrous to cavil at Albright's qualifications: She has been a leading figure in the Democratic party's foreign-policy establishment for 20

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years. She had a high-ranking post on the National Security Council during the Carter administration and had cabinet rank in Clinton's first term. If she seems not quite experienced enough, that is only because her party was refused access to the executive branch for 12 years. And Albright's record is a substantial one; indeed, Republicans would do Albright a service by according her the dignity of taking off the gloves and dealing honestly with her when her confirmation hearing comes up.

Her four years at the United Nations provide plenty of fodder to discuss the vision she is said to lack. We are not talking about a cipher here. Albright is highly articulate and will no doubt enter the give-and-take with gusto. Many Republicans will find themselves unhappy with that vision, or at least parts of it. She was a force behind Presidential Policy Directive 13, which caused an uproar in the summer of 1993. Directive 13 outlined a new policy of "assertive multilateralism" and "nation-building." At least rhetorically, these concepts were dropped like hot potatoes by the White House when American helicopters went down over Somalia a few months later.

Kent Lemon

Albright has been a strong advocate for an activist foreign policy. Colin Powell recounts in his memoirs that he nearly had "an aneurysm" when she demanded of him, "What's the point of having this superb military you're always talking about if we can't use it?" American troops are now in Bosnia, where she thought they should be, and not at their bases, where the Powell doctrine would have kept them. There's plenty of meat for a discussion during her confirmation hearing of the U.S. role in the world and the criteria for the use of force, questions that have befuddled foreign policy thinkers since the end of the Cold War.

And it would be interesting to hear how Albright's womanhood influenced the positions she has taken at the United Nations. Did she advocate sending American boys into harm's way in blue U.N. berets in behalf of the world's women? Did she launch her attack on Secretary General Boutros Boutros-Ghali in behalf of the world's women? Or excoriate Fidel Castro for shooting down unarmed civilian U.S. planes on behalf of women? Within the administration, has she advocated arming the Bosnians against the Serbs in behalf of women? Of course not. She did the job the president sent her to do.

The president has made his choice for secretary of state. Yes, it is a historic choice, but that doesn't mean a substantial nominee for the job ought to be condescended to in this manner. Such is the curse of quota politics, which turns people into tokens and diminishes individual worth.

It seems that the bean-counting that characterized Clinton's appointments in his first term is coming home to roost. Clinton's own supporters cannot imagine that he could appoint Albright because he thought her the best person for the job; in their eyes, Albright is a woman first and a public official second. Of course the president made some cool calculations about the value of a historic appointment; presidents always make such calculations when choosing high-profile members of their administrations. And of course the president could not admit to his calculation; that admission would hamper his new secretary of state by reducing her to a symbol. It is certainly pleasant to see Clinton hoist on his own quota-loving petard, but Albright deserves better.

Helle Bering-Jensen is deputy editorial page editor of the **Washington Times.**

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THE FEMINIZATION OF AMERICA

By Christopher Caldwell

Hillary Clinton recently lashed out at those who have detected a "feminization" of American society. "What an unfortunate term," she said. "After all, don't fathers worry about how long their wives and babies can stay in the hospital when they need care? Don't men want to be able to take time off when a family member is gravely ill? Don't they want to ensure that their elderly parents have health-care coverage in the later stages of life?" In place of "feminization," Mrs. Clinton suggested "the *maturing* of politics" or the "*humanization* of society."

You can understand her frustration: "Feminization" is a term people throw around without ever being specific about its meaning. But there really is no other word for the multilayered phenomenon that has come to characterize our politics, our marketplace, and our media. Women's clout is no longer latent, even if the leading apostles of feminism still claim it is. As society is currently constituted, women are the sex *primus inter pares*, first among equals, in politics, business, and the media. This year especially, from NBC's coverage of the Summer Olympics to the political conventions, the effort to appeal to American women *as a group* has been a driving force in the culture.

WOMEN'S CLOUT IS NO LONGER LATENT, EVEN IF THE LEADING APOSTLES OF FEMINISM STILL CLAIM IT IS. WOMEN ARE NOW THE FIRST SEX.

The "feminization of America" is a paradox. It is a triumph of the feminist movement—and a sign of anti-feminist backlash. It represents a new level of respect for women's strength and independence—and a patronizing calculation about female gullibility and weakness. It suggests that cultural politics has infected the free market—and that the free market is controlling both politics and culture more than ever.

At the core of these contradictions is an idea new to our culture and our time: Women are now thought to have more in common with other women than they do with men of similar ethnicity, religion, or income level, their interests coinciding more with those of other women than with those of their own fathers and brothers and husbands and sons. Women now constitute a class—a dominant class.

II

In this election year, it is *political* feminization that has received the most attention. Here, the vaunted gender gap is always explained in such a way that the vote of a woman seems worth more than the vote of a man. A candidate is doing well, pundits think, if he's getting 45 percent of the men's vote and 55 percent of the women's vote, and poorly if he's drawing 55 percent of men and 45 percent of women. This unequal treatment makes the gender gap, at first glance, one of the more baleful and bias-ridden concepts of modern punditry. After all, why was 1994's overwhelming masculine tide for GOP candidates dismissed as the collective tantrum of "angry white males," while Bill Clinton's overwhelming success with women in 1996 is celebrated and deemed worthy of careful study?

Because if you think about women as a class, their votes *are* worth more. Fifty-two percent of voters are

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women, and they tend to cast about 52 percent of the votes, as they did in last November's election. (In 1992, they cast 54 percent.) But their importance is even greater than that.

Women have a weaker allegiance to political parties than men do. Their votes are less predictable, and they make up their minds later. That is why political advertisements and party conventions are aimed at them—the female vote remains in play after the male vote is locked up. And it is an axiom among political consultants that it's easier to appeal to women without losing men's votes than it is to appeal to men without losing women's votes. In November, men were far less bothered by the "women's" appeal to extend the Family and Medical Leave Act than women were by the "men's" appeal to overturn the Brady gun control bill.

So the gender gap *is* meaningful. And it *is* more serious when a candidate is short of women. If a candidate is short of men's votes, they may not have been votes he could get in the first place. But if he's short of women's votes, he's running a lousy campaign. The importance of "soccer moms" in the last campaign—and the desperate quest of both parties to corral them—is an indication that both parties understand the women's vote this way. By defining the "soccer mom" as a suburban woman with children, the parties excluded two groups—childless women and black women—whose votes go reliably to the Democratic party. In the era of Texaco-style witch hunts, "soccer moms" is a polite way of saying "white women." Indeed, the fickle soccer moms went for Clinton 49-42 percent and for congressional Republicans 55-45 percent.

Why do women voters behave this way? "Do you want the politically correct answer?" says a pollster who works on women's issues. "They're busy juggling both career and home. They're pressed for time. The non-politically correct answer is that they decide late because they're only marginally interested in politics." *National Review* Washington editor Kate O'Beirne concurs: Women are "inattentive and uninformed," she says. Only 34 percent of college-educated women under 30 regularly read a newspaper, as against 53 percent of men in the same bracket.

So we are left with a conundrum: Women are less interested in politics and don't know what they think about political issues, yet as a class they are likelier to turn out at the polls than men. This has changed the calculus of politics.

It turns out that this was what many suffragists were seeking when the Nineteenth Amendment was passed in 1920, giving women the vote. Female suffrage was in part a reaction against the dizzying pace of technological change and social dislocation, and proto-feminist thinkers sought to combat scientific, hedonistic modernism with a dose of what women were deemed best qualified to supply: homespun wisdom. (Or, if you like, provincial ignorance.) That is, they would bring private morality into the public world. But when women's suffrage did nothing to stop the relentless march of progress, everyone forgot that that had been one of early feminism's original goals. Today's "feminization" is only its long-delayed attainment.

III

A similar feminization—driven by similar marketing considerations—is underway in the private sector. Advertising, a $24 billion industry, is concerned primarily with getting consumers to switch brands—to choose Tide over Fab, or buy a Saturn instead of a Neon. And, it appears, women are just as fickle in the marketplace as they are in the voting booth. While men tend to settle relatively early on the brands they like, and stick to them, women shop around.

Women *must* be worth more as customers than men; just look at the pull-out-all-the-stops efforts to sell them cars. It's not as if women are being sought as an untapped market: Nationwide, they *already* buy 53 percent of new cars. But because women are so susceptible to brand-switching appeals, car dealers look at female customers as fresh conquests, while men seem like customers they would have had anyway. When General Motors started running a special women's marketing campaign earlier this year, CNW Marketing/Research did many of the demographic studies. Here's what they found. "Women were neutral about the GM brand. Men ran either hot or cold," CNW vice president Art Spinella told *Advertising Age* last summer. "There was a lot of potential for GM if it concentrated on the women's market." (Ironic, if men are losing their grip on society not because they're too chauvinistic, but because they're puppy-doggishly loyal.)

So given that it's more productive, or at least more cost-effective, to appeal to women, how do you make those appeals? Advertisers emphasize supposedly "womanly" characteristics that seem shockingly retrogressive. One of GM's key promotions was commissioning the Fashion Designers Council of New York to design vehicle interiors. They then auctioned off the cars to benefit the Concept: Cure breast cancer program. Shades of the Dodge La Femme in the '50s, which Dodge marketed to women by offering outfits that matched the car's interior.

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Many car companies appeal to women's much-discussed obsession with safety and security—a few years ago we were shown how the brakes on a Volvo with a woman driver save the life of a child in the back seat. Michelin commercials convert the company's tires into a baby's cradle. This, too, is eerily reminiscent of this year's politics, particularly the Democratic party's relentless promotion of the idea that American tap water is poisoned and the government simply has to do something about it. Indeed, Mrs. Clinton has urged us to pay more heed to women on the grounds that they are "experts on the hazards and vicissitudes of life."

It turns out that this approach is based not on outmoded sexist stereotypes, but on newfangled feminist stereotypes. According to *Risk in Perspective*, the newsletter of the Harvard Center for Risk Analysis, women fear almost every hazardous thing more then men: "Gender is a remarkably strong predictor of confidence in health hazards. [One] study tasked respondents to rate twenty-five public health risks, where women rated all the items as more risky than men." The Harvard letter uses this difference to argue for bringing more women into risk analysis, not to argue that women are paranoid and unrealistically demanding of everyday life—even though one could make that case from the very same data.

One phrase that crops up again and again in the mouths of those trying to sell products and shows and candidates to women is "soft focus," which implies gauzy emotional appeals over hard, rational argument. The ultimate in soft focus was this year's major advertising event, the Summer Olympics on NBC. The Olympics are, of course, a sporting event, and sporting events traditionally earn an audience that is something like 75 percent male. Horst Stipp, the network's director of social and developmental research, says, "Our research suggested that men would keep watching, but women could be added." By placing the 19-day event in soft focus, NBC garnered huge ratings—they were up 21 percent from 1992—and NBC grossed $700 million in advertising.

Marketing experts tend to use euphemisms to describe soft focus. NBC senior vice president Nicholas Schiavone calls it "real life and real emotion presented credibly." What it really means is turning the Olympics into a big sob story about cancer and dying fathers.

"Very obviously, that's a male perspective," says Horst Stipp. "It's a man saying, 'This is a little wishy-washy.'" But burrow under what feminists say and you'll find a vision of what women want that's *very* wishy-washy. Anita Perez Ferguson, president of the National Women's Political Caucus, has long been a defender of assertive womanhood. She claims Clinton won because he "talked constantly about the needs of individual families." Then Perez Ferguson expanded on the point: "Personalizing the message tended to resonate more with female voters than a numeric description of public policy." In other words, women aren't too good at math. Regina Brady of CompuServe tells *Ad Age*: "Women on-line are probably in higher positions and incomes than men on-line—you're getting influencers." But then she adds that a new marketing campaign from CompuServe will have "a much more emotional pitch . . . that may strike core values particularly present in women." In other words, women are sentimental.

So which is it? Are women power-wielding "influencers" or flowzy, blowzy creatures of emotion? Is this the ultimate triumph of feminism or its savage reversal?

IV

It has been an axiom on the right that feminism has failed in many ways because its insistence on treating men and women as though they were androgynous equals was a profound denial of a natural truth. This "equality feminism" gave anti-feminist activists in the 1970s and 1980s an enormous amount of ammunition. Phyllis Schlafly helped defeat the Equal Rights Amendment in part by warning that it would lead to the abolition of separate-sex bathrooms, as indeed it has on certain college campuses and in certain grungy restaurants.

But the story has changed in the 1990s. In this decade, Carol Gilligan's feminist theories about how women speak "in a different voice" (to use the title of her 1982 book) have turned us all into "difference feminists," whether we know it or not.

Gilligan, who teaches at Harvard, was the first "difference feminist." According to her, females approach social life differently from males, working together and building consensus rather than fighting it out for dominance. Indeed, Gilligan said, little girls are perfectly confident and competent at all this. But then comes what Gilligan's mentor Erik Erikson called an "identity crisis"; around the age of eleven, a male-dominated culture takes advantage of their early adolescent confusion to rob girls of their self-esteem.

Rather than seeking to eradicate the differences between the sexes, as her mainstream feminist sisters did, Gilligan emphasized them. And with that, feminism found its way into the heart of American culture as it never could have otherwise. The hugely influen-

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tial work of Deborah Tannen, whose 1990 bestseller *You Just Don't Understand* argued the common-sense truth that men and women behave differently in conversation, reminded a country driven slightly insane by mainstream feminist thinking that sex differences have to be respected. The popularization continued with John Gray's *Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*, by most reckonings the most successful book of the decade, which expanded on Tannen to instruct ordinary Americans in the age-old wisdom that men and women act differently as well.

Thus, there has been a rapprochement between the vast body of American womanhood and the feminist movement that has claimed to speak for them. And that may be the most subversive trick of all, for Gilligan's theories are as radical in their implications as any other feminist doctrine. The differences between men and women, in Gilligan's view, extend to their ideas of justice—and she implicitly favors dropping "male" rights-based justice in favor of "female" relationships-based conflict resolution. Which seems an abandonment of justice altogether, or at least a recipe for a banquet-sized heaping of O.J. Simpson cases. She sees in feminism the possibility of a new society in which girls avoid their identity crisis and stay as they are, better in school than their male peers, better behaved, and more constructive. And, of course, dominant, once society has turned into a gender-based Utopia predicated not on the masculine fist-over-fist but on the feminine hand-in-hand.

THERE HAS BEEN A RAPPROCHEMENT BETWEEN AMERICAN WOMEN AND THE FEMINISTS WHO HAVE CLAIMED TO SPEAK FOR THEM.

Whether women are praised as "caring" and "instinctive" and "human" or derided as "mushy" and "uninformed," cultural ideas about female priorities are coming to a remarkable convergence. Those who would further "feminize" society make the same arguments as those who would de-feminize it—that women and men are different and that those differences need to be respected. Just as "difference feminism" has infected the body politic with Utopian dreams, the body politic has polluted "difference feminism" by using it as an excuse to revive traditional roles in feminist clothing.

I think of a friend, a woman I'll call Joni. She is a beatnik *de nos jours* whose favorite politician is Maxine Waters and who would be flattered to be called a radical feminist. Joni fell in love a lot in college and had little interest in getting a job when she got out. What she wanted to do was cook, go to rock clubs and dance, and shop.

At a show one night, she met a drummer—call him Van—who worked as a cameraman to make ends meet. They've been living together for 13 years. Van never made it as a drummer, but he kept his cameraman job, at which he still works 9 to 5. They just bought a house ("On a lark!"). Her parents just moved in with them ("They're so cute!"). Joni is constantly having her hair done (in elaborate '70s buns, so it can't *really* be meant for beauty), and whenever Van comes home she has a hot meal waiting for him ("I cook more for my own relaxation than for Van"). Joni, of course, is a housewife: She pursues that life in earnest, even if she robes it in camp. It's like *Ozzie and Harriet* minus the children, or *The Honeymooners* minus the self-knowledge. But Joni also gets a constantly self-reinforcing message from marketers and politicians that she's (a) beleaguered, (b) some kind of brave renegade, and (c) infinitely superior to a "housewife." If I called her one to her face, she would probably never speak to me again.

So the new feminized vision is often the traditional sexist stereotype, with a shrill, man-hating ideology overlaid. Look at the ads for Saturn, in which, after being condescended to by a bunch of male chauvinist car salesmen, a woman winds up at a Saturn dealership, where she not only buys a car but winds up taking a job. She now likes "showing the guys the vanity mirror," the narrative runs.

Barbara Lippert, an advertising critic at *Adweek*, says, "The curious thing going on in terms of ads appealing to women is the imagery: Men and women

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have essentially reversed roles. For 30 years, if somebody was stupid and bought a product and got smart, it was a woman. Today it's a man. If someone is cooking, it's a man. We're ogling male nipples and breasts and pecs." The most famous of such ads is the one for Diet Coke in which women working in an office scramble to catch a glimpse of a disrobing construction worker. There's a curious con job that's being practiced in the name of feminism here. Women are being peddled the delusion that they're liberated enough to view men as sex objects, in order to get them to buy a product to keep *themselves* thin.

V

If the feminization of America doesn't change the core roles of the sexes, can there be anything wrong with it? Well, yes. What you wind up with is a society built around pretense, official mythology, and stultifying taboos. Oh, come on, doubters will say: After all, such things have always existed between the sexes, following such folk clichés as, "A man chases a woman until she catches him." But there's a difference between folklore and political and economic power. If what we're witnessing is a kind of *collectivization* of womanly wiles, then society may increasingly appear to men as a cynical rip-off. That may have already begun; the movie *Swingers* and the TV show *Men Behaving Badly*, *Newsweek*'s Rick Marin tells us, are part of a "Retro Guy" backlash. How else to explain the incredibly robust sales of pickup trucks—absolutely useless for most of their owners except as a statement—unless we look at them as declarations of manliness, ratified by the fact that women buy only 26 percent of them? There might be a parallel here to the genteel 18th century, which saw, in America as in England, a proliferation of whorehouses, grog houses, and other refuges from a society that had become too prissy.

Yet if America is growing less and less congenial to men, they're going to be much worse off in the future than they were in the Age of Hogarth. For the modern world may be one in which men quite naturally underperform women in the first place.

Females have always outdone males on the verbal part of the Scholastic Aptitude Test. You may not know this, since the education establishment has spent two decades worrying about how the SAT is racially biased, or about how females do worse than males on the math portion of the test. But in a world where communication is itself increasingly a job skill, and where the elite jobs center on what Robert Reich calls "symbolic analysis," women may now have an edge. Diana Furchtgott-Roth's *Women's Figures*, a study just released by the Independent Women's Forum, shows that women now receive 59 percent of associate degrees, 55 percent of bachelor's degrees, 53 percent of master's degrees, and almost 40 percent of doctorates. It raises an interesting question: Might women be better suited to the information-age economy?

"Look: The ability to lift heavy objects and bash other people's heads in with rocks is not at a premium in the information economy," says Jim Chapin, a New Democrat theoretician. Chapin thinks that, to the extent women are voting with Democrats, the party has a lock on a coming class. Kevin Phillips notes that Newt Gingrich has his strongest base of support among white male high-school dropouts in the Rocky Mountain states. Demographically, this population hardly constitutes a rising star you'd want to hitch your wagon to.

It gets worse for men. It turns out that, according to IQ expert Richard Lynn, "the consensus of opinion in the entire history of intelligence testing" is that females have IQs as high as, if not higher than, those of males. (Lynn himself disagrees with this consensus.) But there's a hitch. Consensus also holds that the distribution of male intelligence is wider: There are more male geniuses and male dopes. What's more, the very top leadership posts in any society are distributed more on the basis of aggression than of brainpower, according to Steven Goldberg, chairman of the sociology department at the City College of New York and one of the most prolific writers on the subject of male/female roles. That means that in the visible power structure, women will always be dramatically underrepresented. Goldberg adds that those women who do rise to the very top of the workplace end up leading "male" lives in a male world—for there, areas in which women have always enjoyed an advantage (like nurturing) are undervalued, while those where men enjoy an advantage (like enterprise and risk-taking) are overvalued.

This, in turn, creates an ever-rejuvenating sense of grievance among woman opinion-makers. "The strength of the Democratic party, and the most powerful group within it," says Chapin, "are the 2,500 female corporate vice presidents who believe they'd be president if not for men."

Yet it's not clear what is the true political calling of women as a *class*. Historically, it has made little sense to talk about women's being liberal or conservative in the modern context. True, women chose Clinton over Dole, but they were more inclined than men to vote for Nixon in 1968 and for Ford in 1976. And in a more

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feminine society—that is, in a risk-averse, anti-entrepreneurial, "finished" society such as postwar Europe—women have been a conservative force these past decades. They were a bulwark of the Italian Christian Democrats throughout the Cold War, and in Britain, it was women who kept Conservatives in power in 1970—despite Labour's winning a large majority among men.

But American conservatism means something different from European conservatism. American conservatism has made itself the defender and proponent of reckless male abandon—and thus may find itself bereft of women in the new, "feminized" electorate.

VI

Whether we use the word "feminized" to mean "more feminist" or "more feminine," we have reached the point where any and all feminization is a radical force. At the very least, it implies a remaking of society and a rejection of ideas as old as the Bible. As Simone de Beauvoir and Marilyn French and numerous sexist males before them have noted, mankind traditionally thought of itself as non-animal, as largely outside of nature. In fact, *human* was merely another way of saying non-animal, as in the locution—familiar to generations but never, ever heard today—"What separates men from the beasts is . . ." In that light, women were the recidivist sex: As childbearers they were tied to nature in a way that men were not. To provide is human; to nurture, animal.

Feminists always saw that idea as the source of sexual inequality, and feminism could succeed only by altering it. Women had to be allowed to take up roles outside of "nature," to be independent of nature as men are (this helps explain why ideological feminists are so passionately devoted to the idea of an unlimited right to abortion). Similarly, men have been put under pressure to "get in touch" with their "natural" side by sharing responsibility for the running of the household and the care and feeding of babies.

And by urging us to describe these profound changes in American society not as "feminization" but as "humanization," Hillary Clinton may have at last won her stripes as a feminist icon. For wittingly or not, she has put the last pieces of the puzzle together. To quote what she said a second time: "Don't fathers worry about how long their wives and babies can stay in the hospital when they need care? Don't men want to be able to take time off when a family member is gravely ill? Don't they want to ensure that their elderly parents have health-care coverage in the later stages of life?"

Of course men in every society have always wanted these things, and they've done their part by earning a good living and protecting the home. Taking care of the ill, the aged, and the newborn has historically been a collaborative effort of male providing and female nurturing. Hillary's subtle trick was to exalt nurturing as the *higher* of these two virtues. Henceforth, the female virtues would be the "human" ones, while the male virtues were merely backward remnants of the not yet "humanized." To put it more simply, Hillary is welcoming men to their new role as the second sex. ♦

"Lies, Damned Lies, and Statistics" Revisited

By Irwin M. Stelzer

So now we all know what many of us have suspected all along: The Consumer Price Index is wrong, and has been wrong for two decades or more. The report recently released by the so-called Boskin commission—a panel of experts led by Stanford economist Michael Boskin—lays out a host of reasons why the CPI has long overstated the rate of inflation in the American economy. Indeed, so persuasive is the case made by the commission that no one seriously contests it.

That doesn't mean, of course, that there is any political agreement about what to do with the informa-

Irwin M. Stelzer is director of regulatory policy studies at the American Enterprise Institute. Robert Patton assisted in the research for this article.

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tion. For the principal policy conclusion that flows from the report is that the nation's old folks are being overpaid. Every year, by law, the amount of money seniors receive from Social Security grows with the Consumer Price Index. This is to prevent rising prices from eroding the value of their checks. And since the CPI overstates the rate at which prices have been and are rising, seniors have simply been getting too much money from Washington. But it will take a serious display of courage for American politicians to bell this particular cat, as it has a way of biting the hand that comes between it and its food bowl.

In this case, the rewards for bravery would be substantial. By some estimates, a third of the budget deficit projected for 2005 would simply disappear if the "upward bias" in the CPI were ended—that is, if the gap between what we now know is the actual rate of inflation and the inflated rate of inflation were closed. Since the newly accurate CPI would show a far more modest inflation rate than an uncorrected one, Social Security payments would increase more modestly—while still conforming with the legal requirement to grow along with inflation.

If this new CPI were not put in place, the commission says, the "upward bias would constitute the fourth largest federal outlay program, behind only Social Security, health care and defense!"

And the effect of the correction would be startlingly modest. If the commission's recommendations were implemented today, next year Social Security checks would grow by $13 a month instead of the $21 now scheduled. So, rather than receiving $745 a month, seniors would get $737.

And the level of federal taxation would be more honestly calculated as well, because the CPI also lowers the amount of money people pay in federal taxes. Remember inflation-induced "bracket creep"? Broadly defined, bracket creep was the unjust phenomenon whereby an increase in salary moved a taxpayer into a higher bracket even if his pay raise only kept pace with inflation as measured by the CPI. The poor taxpayer, no better off in terms of what his paycheck could buy, nevertheless ended up paying taxes at a higher rate. To keep taxpayers whole, Congress decided not to count pay rises that merely compensated for price rises. But it used the CPI to measure the rate at which prices are going up, overstating the inflation rate and giving American taxpayers an unintended tax cut.

The commission says that the continued use of the incorrect CPI will add $1 trillion to the national debt over the next dozen years. Will it be politically possible to support a cut in the growth of Social Security payments totaling only $84 a year—and a tiny increase in the amount of money people may have to send to the IRS? True, seniors are frightening to challenge, but if politicians don't fix the CPI, they will have to face the wrath of younger constituents who will see reductions in their benefits as the painful effort to balance the budget goes into the homestretch.

Though the politics here are fascinating, they pale beside the true significance of the Boskin commission's findings. For years, critics of the American economy have happily wallowed in despair over the future of the American dream. After all, they moan, paychecks are not keeping pace with inflation, so the working man cannot sustain his standard of living. Or he cannot do so unless he works longer hours. Or he cannot do so unless his wife also works. And no matter how hard he tries, the middle-class worker cannot offer his children the prospect that they will live better than he did.

This litany of woes has given us Robert Reich and "the anxious middle class," not to mention James Carville and "the economy, stupid." It has given us Pat Buchanan's nativism and protectionism to shield workers' wages from the competition of immigrants and imports. It has given us studies of the causes of America's declining competitiveness and its anemic increases in productivity. And it has added fuel to the fire of multilateralism—for, no longer rich enough or strong enough to go it alone, America must put its soldiers at the mercy of foreign commanders operating under rules laid down by a francophile Egyptian politician sitting atop an enormous bureaucracy at the United Nations.

All wrong. At the request of the *New York Times*, economist Leonard Nakamura plugged a more accurate inflation indicator into economic data from the past 20 years—and it turns out that, instead of declining by 9 percent between 1975 and 1996, real average hourly earnings actually rose by 35 percent! Nakamura estimates that the CPI overstated the annual inflation rate by 1.25 percentage points in the 1970s and that the overstatement has risen steadily to 2.75 percentage points now. In his view, not only have real average hourly earnings increased rather than decreased, but the gross domestic product has grown by *twice* as much as the statistics said.

The Boskin commission is more conservative than Nakamura: It says that the CPI has overstated the inflation rate by 1.3 percentage points each year since 1978. Until now, policy makers have acted on the assumption that real median family incomes rose by only 2 percent between 1978 and 1995. If the Boskin commission is right, and it most certainly is, family incomes actually rose by 19 percent, which isn't bad

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for a nation that is supposed to have interred its dream.

This really comes as no surprise when you think about it. The difference between the official figures and the real story in America has been obvious for some time. Americans have been buying homes and cars in record numbers, paying for supposedly unaffordable college educations in record numbers, and laying out record sums for household furnishings more or less steadily over the past several years. This is not the behavior of a people beset by falling real incomes and overwhelmed by insecurity.

The Boskin commission has exploded a myth that has guided American policy for too long—the myth that the economic statistics provided by the U.S. government are accurate. And high time, too, because the picture our government has drawn of the American economy has led to misleading and misguided economic policy.

THE BOSKIN COMMISSION HAS EXPLODED THE MYTH THAT U.S. GOVERNMENT ECONOMIC STATISTICS ARE ACCURATE.

Consider the trade deficit. The fact that we have been buying more from abroad than we have been selling to our trading partners has haunted successive administrations. It reduced George Bush to the role of auto salesman in Asia, where his efforts were hampered both by the inability of our domestic auto companies to produce vehicles suitable to Japan's narrow streets and by his inability to adjust to Japanese cooking. Following Bush's defeat, President Clinton's tough-talking trade representative, Mickey Kantor, was willing to risk economic warfare with China to keep a few T-shirts off the shelves of Wal-Mart solely for fear of the trade deficit.

But in reality, we know very little about the state of our trade balance with the rest of the world. We can measure imports with reasonable accuracy and have an incentive to do so, since many are subject to tariffs. But exports are a different matter. When America was primarily a manufacturing country, we could pretty well count the tons of steel and boxes of goods we exported. Now, more than 70 percent of our economic output consists of services. No physical object crosses a border when an American investment banker puts together a merger for a British firm, but we have exported a valuable service all the same. Ed Grose, the international trade manager of the Customs Service, believes that "our reporting of international trade in services may be deficient by 40 percent." That works out to $85 billion missing from the government's calculation of the trade deficit.

And then there is the matter of the federal government's simple inability to determine the sheer number of physical objects being exported. C. Harvey Monk, Jr., who runs the Census Bureau's foreign trade division, estimates that the Customs Service fails to count about 10 percent of the forms exporters fill out and file with it. That comes out to $60 billion absent from the trade numbers.

Last year, America's reported trade deficit was $105 billion. But if Ed Grose and Harvey Monk are right, $145 billion of American exports isn't included in that number. If it were, there would be no trade deficit. There would instead be a trade *surplus* of $40 billion.

The misleading character of the data on which we base economic and social policy does not stop here. Consider the billions we spend in our ongoing war on poverty. As my colleague Nicholas Eberstadt points out in his brilliant *The Tyranny of Numbers*, official data on poverty are based on what people report as income rather than on what they consume. So we classify as "poor" many people whose consumption patterns suggest they aren't that badly off. As a consequence, according to our flawed statistics, "poor" people spend only a small proportion of their incomes on food; more implausibly, their spending outpaces their annual earnings many times over. This is pretty close to unimaginable, yet that is what the statistics tell us.

So if government statistics are wrong, isn't it time they were fixed? Senators Pat Moynihan and Bob Kerry want to spend $10 million on a multi-year study of how to do just that. It sounds good, but the idea itself doesn't deal with the central truth about these numbers: The government probably cannot get them right.

First of all, the skills that lead to the collection of accurate data are no longer taught in graduate schools or rewarded by the economics profession. According to Harvard economics professor Zvi Griliches, who served on the Boskin commission, "It is the preparation skill of the econometric chef that catches the professional eye, not the quality of the raw materials in the meal, or the effort that went into procuring them."

Griliches's service on the Boskin commission suggests he remains hopeful that government data-gathering can be improved. Perhaps. But there are reasons to take a less cheery view, even if Moynihan and Kerry do get $10 million to dangle before economists' eyes.

The economy is not going to revert to the days

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when data-gathering was a relatively simple matter. It was a good deal easier to gather data from the large companies that accounted for the bulk of economic output in the 1950s and 1960s than it is to pry information from the thousands of small companies that are the source of economic growth today. Small entrepreneurs don't set up departments to comply with data requests from government agencies, and even large companies have cut back on such staffs. Inevitably, government data-gatherers just aren't getting information as accurate as they did in the old days.

And it is more difficult to gather data in a service economy than in one that consists largely of manufacturing. When I was a young economic forecaster, two telephone calls would give me much of what I needed to know: U.S. Steel told me that month's output, and the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad told me the number of freight cars it had loaded. If I wanted to be absolutely certain of the direction in which the economy was moving, I would call a trade association to check on the production of cardboard cartons. If a young economic forecaster today were to follow that technique, he would miss what is going on in 70 percent of the economy. But if he tried to find out the value of software produced last month, or the volume of legal services produced, he would be unlikely to get answers to his questions that would be even remotely accurate. The government can revamp the way it collects data all it wants, but it will not be able to cope adequately with a service-based economy, especially one increasingly dominated by smaller firms.

Which leads to three important policy conclusions. First, we should all pray for the continued good health of Alan Greenspan. The Federal Reserve chairman has an uncanny ability to look at data, understand their imperfections, correct for those failings on the basis of bits and pieces of data gathered from key people and firms, and come up with policy tweaks that are better than most.

Second, we really should bell the cat and privatize the Social Security system. This would reduce the number of people with a political stake in how the government computes the CPI. And it would allow them to invest in securities at prices that already take into account the investor's anticipation as to the future course of inflation.

Finally, believers in active government, one that must continually relieve the pain it feels for its citizens, should trade their customary hubris for a bit of humility. When the data tell them that there are millions of "poor" people needing help, they should wonder how it is that more than 75 percent of them have managed to buy a car and how over 40 percent manage to own their own homes.

And when the data say that real family incomes are falling, they should hesitate before concocting still more job training, educational assistance, and union-satisfying programs. When the trade figures turn against us, they should wonder whether we indeed have a serious trade deficit or merely a data-reporting problem, before engaging in a new round of Japan- or China-bashing. In short, they should heed Ronald Reagan's admonition: "Don't just do something, stand there." ♦

The Soft-on-Crime Rehnquist Court

By Andrew Peyton Thomas

Whether or not one believes that America is suffering a crisis of runaway judicial activism, there is at least a broad consensus on this point: The Supreme Court led by Chief Justice William Rehnquist has significantly weakened the protections enjoyed by criminal suspects and convicted prisoners. This widely accepted view is spread by journalists and liberal legal interest groups, both of whom seem genuinely convinced of it. But is it so?

A review of recent decisions reveals a court with more kinship to Judge Harold Baer than Judge Roy

Andrew Peyton Thomas, a Bradley fellow at the Heritage Foundation, is deputy counsel to the governor of Arizona and the author of Crime and the Sacking of America: The Roots of Chaos.

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Bean. Since Rehnquist became chief, the court not only has refused to overturn any of the major Warren-court decisions establishing new criminals' rights. It has affirmed every one of these rights that has come before it. Indeed, it has actually expanded some rights, if only in a gradual and somewhat arcane manner.

In this connection, three cases from last term stand out. Each deals with one of the more vexing criminals' rights invented in the last few decades: the exclusionary rule, *Miranda*, and the right of prison inmates to law libraries. In the first two, the Warren-court right was actually expanded, while in the third the novel right was preserved and defended in ringing language. Taken together, these cases suggest that the landmark criminals' rights rulings of recent decades are now firmly embedded in American law, to the continuing detriment of law enforcement and a crime-weary public.

Michael Ramirez

William Rehnquist

Consider, first, the court's recent treatment of the exclusionary rule. Fashioned out of the Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable searches and seizures, this rule holds that incriminating evidence obtained in violation of the Fourth Amendment cannot be admitted at trial. The result is that police officers who gather incriminating evidence in confusing and perilous circumstances sometimes see their hard work thrown out of court because a judge determines, after the fact, that they lacked "probable cause" to search a house or vehicle. Instead of enforcing the Fourth Amendment simply by punishing wayward cops, the rule gives suspects a windfall: In the words of Justice Benjamin Cardozo, "The criminal is to go free because the constable has blundered."

The exclusionary rule has long drawn the ire of conservatives. Yet last term, the Rehnquist court extended its reach. In *Ornelas* v. *United States*, the court took up the case of two drug dealers who pleaded guilty to possession of cocaine with intent to distribute. In December 1992, a veteran policeman conducting drug-interdiction surveillance in downtown Milwaukee noticed an older Oldsmobile with California license plates in a motel parking lot. Knowing that California is a common source state for drugs, and that the car was of a type favored by drug couriers because it permits the easy hiding of contraband, the policeman grew suspicious. He checked the car's registration. He also asked the Drug Enforcement Agency to check the names of the guests in the motel against its database of known and suspected drug traffickers. The search turned up the name of the car's registered owner and the name of one of the guests.

Finally, after two guests emerged from the motel and entered the Oldsmobile, the officer's partner approached them and asked if he could search their car. They consented. A third officer, a veteran of over 2,000 narcotics searches of vehicles in the previous nine years, conducted the search. He found a loose panel above the right rear passenger armrest and concluded that drugs were probably hidden there. He dismantled the panel and found two kilograms of cocaine.

Saul and Ismael Ornelas were arrested and convicted. They argued on appeal that the officers lacked probable cause to search their car without a warrant and thus that the cocaine should not have been admissible as evidence at their trial. The federal trial court disagreed. It ruled that the cocaine could be admitted because the officers had reasonable suspicion of drug-trafficking activity, which became probable cause when the officer found the loose panel. The court of appeals, applying the traditional rule that a lower court's findings are reversed only upon a finding of "clear error," upheld the admission of the cocaine into evidence.

In an eight-to-one decision, the Supreme Court reversed. It held that the court of appeals applied the

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wrong standard and that the case would have to be reopened.

In an opinion by Chief Justice Rehnquist, the high court held that the court of appeals should not have reviewed the lower court's decision deferentially. Instead it was required to conduct its own *de novo* review of the case—its own brand-new, top-to-bottom examination of the facts. Rehnquist based this broadened application of the exclusionary rule on the principle that "independent appellate review" of important factual issues is essential to the Fourth Amendment and the exclusionary rule. The main effect of the ruling is to give criminals yet another chance to have incriminating evidence excluded—and, consequently, their convictions overturned.

Justice Antonin Scalia filed the lone dissent. He questioned why the court had departed from its longstanding deference to lower courts' factual determinations. Except in rare circumstances, Scalia noted, "an appellate court never has the benefit of the district court's intimate familiarity with the details of the case—nor the full benefit of its hearing of the live testimony."

Scalia condemned the ruling of the nearly unanimous court as "not only wrong but contradictory." He wrote: "In an apparent effort to reduce the unproductive burden today's decision imposes upon appellate courts, or perhaps to salvage some of the trial court's superior familiarity with the facts that it has cast aside, the Court suggests that an appellate court give 'due weight' to a trial court's finding that an officer's inference of wrongdoing (i.e., his assessment of probable cause to search) was reasonable. The Court cannot have it both ways. The finding of 'reasonableness' is precisely what it has told us the appellate court must review *de novo*; and in *de novo* review, the 'weight due' to a trial court's finding is zero."

If Rehnquist's opinion in *Ornelas* was "contradictory," the same cannot be said of the Supreme Court's straightforward expansion of *Miranda* rights last year. The Warren court held in *Miranda* v. *Arizona*, decided in 1966, that the Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination also contained another right: It required that policemen—of all people—inform criminal suspects of their right not to cooperate in investigations. A police officer's failure to read the suspect his rights once he is in custody means that any confession obtained cannot be used at trial.

Last term, in *Thompson* v. *Keohane*, the court not only affirmed *Miranda*'s dubious and dangerous reasoning; it actually expanded *Miranda*, much as it did the exclusionary rule in *Ornelas*. The court considered the appeal of Carl Thompson. In 1986, two moose hunters in Alaska discovered the body of Thompson's wife, Dixie, in a gravel-pit lake outside Fairbanks. She had been stabbed 29 times, then wrapped in chains and a bedspread and tossed into the pit.

The state troopers investigating the murder did not inform Thompson of his *Miranda* rights when they called him to police headquarters for questioning. They did, however, tell Thompson repeatedly that he was free to go. And they permitted him to leave at the close of questioning—presumably to avoid any *Miranda* difficulties—even after he had confessed in a tape-recorded interview to murdering his wife. They later arrested him.

The Alaska trial court, after reviewing the facts, held that Thompson was not "in custody" for *Miranda* purposes when he confessed. Therefore, the troopers were not obliged to inform him of his rights. Thompson was subsequently convicted of murder. His conviction was affirmed by the Alaska court of appeals, the Alaska supreme court, a federal district court, and the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals. The two federal courts based their decision on the statute that requires federal judges to presume the correctness of state-court determinations of factual issues.

In a seven-to-two ruling, the Supreme Court reversed the lower courts' decision. Writing for the majority, Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg stated that federal courts must not defer to state courts when reviewing "in custody" rulings for *Miranda* purposes. The high court concluded that "state-court 'in custody' determinations warrant independent review" by federal courts. As in the broadening of the exclusionary rule in *Ornelas*, *Thompson* decreed that the federal court should review all the facts *de novo*. Only such a searching inquiry would permit the court to determine whether Thompson was "in custody" when he confessed and thus whether the confession was properly admitted.

In a sharply worded dissent, Justice Clarence Thomas, joined by Chief Justice Rehnquist, criticized the majority for flouting any semblance of federalism. "I believe," said Thomas, "that the Alaska trial judge—who first decided this question almost a decade ago—was in a far better position than a federal habeas court to determine whether Thompson was 'in custody' for purposes of *Miranda* v. *Arizona*."

He added, "We insult our colleagues in the States when we imply, as we do today, that state judges are not sufficiently competent and reliable to make a decision as straightforward as whether a person was in custody for purposes of *Miranda*." It was preferable to defer to the lower-court judges, who were in a "better position" to analyze these matters, "and avoid putting

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the State of Alaska to the uncertainty and expense of defending for the sixth time in nine years an eminently reasonable judgment secured against a confessed murderer."

Like the exclusionary rule and *Miranda*, prisoners' rights have earned a good measure of popular opprobrium. Few judicial excesses infuriate the public more than unworkable, manufactured rights for convicted criminals in prison; and probably no institution better captures the silliness of this jurisprudence than the law library that the state is required to provide to prisoners. It is there that inmates spend their idle hours cooking up frivolous lawsuits against prison officials, preparing specious appeals of their sentences, and generally making themselves even more obnoxious to society.

Those who thought the Rehnquist court might overturn this requirement, or at least question it, were disappointed last term by *Lewis* v. *Casey*. The high court reviewed regulations imposed by federal judge Carl Muecke on Arizona's prisons. These regulations were adopted on the recommendation of a court-appointed "special master," whom Judge Muecke had charged with supervising, among other things, the law libraries in the state's prisons. The special master drew up a 25-page injunction, which the judge approved with only minor changes. The order specified, *inter alia*, the libraries' hours of operation, the minimal educational requirements for prison librarians, and even the permissible level of noise.

PRINCIPLED CONSERVATIVES LOOKING FOR A CHAMPION WHOSE OPINIONS THEY CAN CHEER CAN ONLY BE DISILLUSIONED BY THESE DECISIONS.

In an opinion by Justice Scalia, the Supreme Court struck down the lower court's injunction micromanaging Arizona's prison law libraries. But the court left untouched the underlying right to such libraries at state expense. It was left to Justice Thomas to remind his fellow justices of just how unwise this Burger-court invention was.

Thomas's concurring opinion is a back-to-basics lecture on just how far the court has strayed from the text and history of the Constitution. The supposed right of inmates to law libraries goes back only as far as the 1977 case of *Bounds* v. *Smith*.

"While the Constitution may guarantee state inmates an opportunity to bring suit to vindicate their federal constitutional rights," Thomas said, "I find no basis in the Constitution—and *Bounds* cited none—for the right to have the government finance the endeavor." He noted that "*Bounds* forged a right with no basis in precedent or constitutional text: a right to have the State 'shoulder affirmative obligations' in the form of law libraries or legal assistance to ensure that prisoners can file meaningful lawsuits." And yet Scalia's opinion described *Bounds* as an "exemplar" of how courts should grapple with the issue of inmate litigation, in supposedly stark contrast to Judge Muecke's ruling in *Lewis*.

And what of the chief justice? Thomas could not resist pointing out that Rehnquist, who had opposed the manufacturing of this right in *Bounds*, now had come around to ratifying it. "The majority opinion in *Bounds* failed to identify a single provision of the Constitution to support the right created in that case," wrote Thomas, "a fact that did not go unnoticed in strong dissents by Chief Justice Burger and then-Justice Rehnquist."

No justice comes out of these three cases with his intellectual reputation entirely unbesmirched. Scalia, for example, gallantly resists the expansion of the exclusionary rule in *Ornelas*. Yet in *Thompson*, he signs on to the majority's expansion of *Miranda*, and in *Lewis* he strongly endorses the ludicrous right to publicly funded prison law libraries. Justice Thomas comes out best of all, dissenting in two of the three. But principled conservatives looking for a champion whose opinions they can consistently cheer must come away from these decisions disillusioned.

The same indictment applies to the Rehnquist court's overall record on criminals' rights. It suggests that, at best, even the most hardy justices have given up hope of reversing the ruinous rulings of the Warren court. At worst, the court, marching in the service of the lawyer class, has grown incapable of overturning any of the landmark criminals' rights rulings, either from an overriding zeal for judicial power or from a broad-based judicial ideology that has grown comfortable with these rights and the social advances they supposedly represent.

Whatever the explanation for these trends, the court is a growing source of bitterness and division, not only for jilted conservatives but for a splintering society. Americans who feel less safe today because of Warren-court rulings now more deeply entrenched than ever may well remember the Rehnquist court not only as the conservative court that never was, but as the triumph of the lawyer class over the rule of law itself. ♦

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Parochial School Days, Golden Rule Days

By John J. Dilulio, Jr.

In the mid-1970s, the student body of West Catholic High School in Philadelphia consisted of poor and working-class boys, black and white, Catholic and non-Catholic, from some of the city's toughest street corners. Yet the hallways were peaceful. The classrooms were calm. Serious city-boy mischief was rife (who hid the beer kegs in the gym?), everyday language among peers was rough, and bloody knock-down fistfights over girls and games were routine. But serious teen violence, gang warfare, and interracial strife were exceedingly rare. Upon graduation, most of the boys went to work, not to college. Still, almost none went to jail, and a few even went to Ivy League schools.

Several neighboring public schools with socioeconomically similar student bodies couldn't claim the same. But then again, they didn't have school prayer. They didn't have school uniforms. They didn't have educational and sporting traditions that put local football legends like "Reds" Bagnel on a plane with the likes of Saint Augustine. And they didn't have consistent tough-love school discipline, as in Brother Greg (not his real name). Coming off a 20th reunion gathering, a class of '76 graduate recalled, "Brother wanted you to learn. He knew his stuff. He had a sense of humor. He respected you. But if you played the badass or mouthed off or hassled other kids, no matter how big you were, he would take off his shirt, show his martial arts thing, and, if you pressed it, kick your butt but good." In four years, how many butts did you actually see him kick? "None—but that's the point. We knew he could and would—and had! We also knew he cared, and that he didn't play favorites. White or black. Jock or not. Going to college or back to [the local bar]."

John Devine
Maximum Security: The Culture of Violence in Inner-City Schools
University of Chicago
$23.95

• • •

Mark Gerson
In the Classroom: Dispatches from an Inner City School That Works
Free Press, $23.00

Though he would be reluctant to admit it straight out, John Devine might have liked Brother Greg. Devine is director of the School Partnership Program at New York University's School of Education. In his just-released book, *Maximum Security*, he offers a novel interpretation of the violence and poor overall performance of inner-city public schools. "Its roots," he writes, "are in the gradual withdrawal of teachers, over the past several decades, from the responsibility for school-wide discipline, when the union contract removed this function from their job descriptions or reduced it."

During Devine's decade teaching at some of New York City's "lower-tier" schools, he watched in frustration as metal detectors and small armies of security guards (3,200 by 1994) and safety bureaucrats normalized the schools' "culture of violence." Having abdicated responsibility for the very physical well-being of students, he suggests, teachers inevitably failed the students in other ways. He criticizes an official report on school safety for focusing on such issues as the security supervisor-to-guard ratio rather than the roles and responsibilities of teachers: "Teachers are barely mentioned in this report—they appear as silent actors in a talkies film, as bit players on the school safety scene. . . . The report never contemplates the teacher as a mature person having expectations for social or cognitive behavior, as a responsible adult conscious of the need to set an example of courtesy, as a team member accountable for helping to foster the identity of the institution, or as a moral instructor concerned with providing leadership and helping to construct a communal code of values."

The schools, he reports, are now crawling with expert "violence-prevention courses, peer-mediation programs, and conflict-resolution programs." But, in his estimation, these efforts not only are generally ineffective, but serve to confirm most teachers "in their view that dealing with violence and aggressive students is a subspecialty that they had better not get involved with because they are neither trained in this area nor given that specific responsibility."

Devine wisely invokes James Q. Wilson's *The Moral Sense* against those who insist that ghetto youth "arrive at the schoolhouse door as

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moral illiterates." Schools should be "designed to foster and develop students' native moral sense," he writes. That is something that even inner-city schools can do if teachers are formally empowered and informally encouraged to do it.

Unfortunately, no one saved Devine from his Derrida-isms. If there's a second edition, somebody should run the manuscript through a deconstructionism detector and expel passages like the ones on our "complicity" with "the ongoing fabrication and dissolution of the narrative of modernity," Foucault's "network of gazes," and how ruthless juvenile drug dealers are ostensibly aping "the morality and ideology of the mainstream American business community."

The answer to the inner-city public schools' culture of violence and lousy academic record is as plain as the nose on Devine's very own Catholic-educated face. But he seems a bit too interested in remaining on speaking terms with the education establishment to admit as much, save in the form of an apologetic, don't-get-me-wrong, I-am-not-a-conservative-Catholic epilogue entitled "A Jesuitical Fantasy."

The Jesuits, Devine recounts, "were not afraid to confront students who failed to uphold their responsibilities. . . . When you did something right, you got immediate reinforcement. . . . What Jesuit teachers feared more than any arrogant student was a fellow teacher (Jesuit or lay) who didn't know how to control a class. . . . Fear was certainly not considered the best method for motivating students in these highly competitive schools, but neither was it disdained." He notes how his "graduate students today stare at me in disbelief when I relate to them how, as late as the 1960s, as a young priest-housemaster living in the student dormitory of a Jesuit university, I was doing midnight bedchecks, bailing students out of the local precinct when they got in trouble with the law, communicating with their parents, and checking to see if they were going to daily Mass."

But lest anyone should think he really means it, in his next breath

Kevin Chadwick

Devine adds: "The mere recollection of such memories . . . should not be taken as an endorsement of the get-tough approaches recommended by such conservatives as William Bennett and other reactionary commentators . . . who reiterate the comparison studies between Catholic and public schools."

Devine's novel thesis is worth considering, and parts of his book are quite insightful and fair. Too bad the Jesuits didn't teach him to refrain from taking cheap shots at big-name conservatives with whom he clearly agrees more than he is willing to say out loud. And too bad he couldn't avoid using pseudo-intellectual prattle about the dangers of a "crypto-positivist outlook" as a cover for his own obvious statistical illiteracy.

From the work of James Coleman to the present, the best empirical research does indeed find that, for students from comparable backgrounds, absenteeism, disciplinary problems, threats to teachers, and rates of violence among students are lower, and academic achievement higher, among Catholic- school students.

Read Sol Stern's "The Invisible Miracle of Catholic Schools" (*City Journal*, Summer 1996), which summarizes the virtues of the Catholic schools and their fabulous contributions to inner-city New York students. And read *In the Classroom*, a sprightly new book on successful inner-city schools by Mark Gerson. Gerson graduated *summa cum laude* from Williams College in 1994, then spent a year teaching history at a spartan co-ed Jersey City Catholic high school.

By his own frank account, it took Gerson some time to adjust to his predominantly black and Latino students' language, leaders, laws, and rites. He simply was not used to the exceedingly rough horseplay or the brutal racial and ethnic jokes and wordplay of Jersey City teens. And it can't be easy in any case to walk into a school where your male students worry about being raped in jail and the primary "intellectual" influences on your female students are Ricki Lake, Jenny Jones, and other trash-talk television queens.

But the essence of Gerson's well-told tale, and his own success, was not to become one with his students—not to pander to their tastes

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in music, accept their uncivil behavior, or be intimidated by their taunts and threats—but to make them become one with him. That is, make them speak proper English. Make them complete assignments on time. Make them behave respectfully. Make them hustle, not just hot-dog, on the basketball court. In short, make them better educated, more civilized, and more capable of expressing themselves while honoring their obligations to others.

Gerson's methods were unconventional, and he proved gutsy: A common punishment for classroom foolery was to stay after school, listen to the teacher's beloved Frank Sinatra oldies, and write 30, 40, or 50 times something like, "When I go home, I'm going to listen to the Chairman of the Board." A typical exchange:

Gerson: Jamal, you have been in Frank all week, and you will get more now. Fifty Franks today after school for chewing gum.

Student: Chewing gum! Chewing gum! Man, I ain't doin' nothin'.

Gerson: Jamal, it's "I didn't do *anything*." And yes you did. You chewed gum. You know it's against the rules.

Student: I ain't be doin' nothin.

Gerson: If you insist on being insolent, then at least do it in proper English. . . . Say it properly or you will get twice the number of Franks.

When a student named Walt got caught using drugs, denied he was guilty, and begged Gerson to let him slide, the young teacher stared him down and shamed him. You are, he told the student, "not only a criminal but a liar." It worked. The kid heeded Gerson and straightened up.

Gerson's chapter-by-chapter recitations of what his students believed, and what he taught them, on subjects as diverse as race, religion, history, politics, and O.J. are priceless. It seems that Jersey City's youth are conservatives at heart. Let Devine blast Bill Bennett as a "reactionary."

Gerson's students couldn't see why Bennett's call to behead drug dealers in public parks was so controversial, or why anyone would think welfare didn't breed dependency, or why school prayer wasn't universal.

As the ex-gum-chewing, double-negative-spouting Jamal stated: "I think that welfare should only be used by those who really need it. . . . I don't think welfare is automatically bad but there should be a law to contain cheats." Or hear Quantina: "Personally, I think people on welfare are generally lazy. My reason for saying this is because I work. Should I support someone who won't work? I don't think so."

"You are more Republican than most Republicans," Gerson teased them.

Having treated us to what he taught them, and how, Gerson sums up, in the book's concluding chapter, "The City and the Suburbs," what he learned from his students. It is "only possible," he advises, "to help someone you know. Inner-city kids will behave like famous role models only when they regard the bourgeois virtues not as an idea but as a code, a code followed every day by lots of people. It is not enough for kids to know they should stay away from drugs and irresponsible sex and that they should work hard and go to church." Walt, Jamal, and the others were fortunate to have such a teacher. ♦

Books

Heaven Can Wait

By J. Bottum

I know that we are living in the endtime and must be grateful for little triumphs in our literature. I know that the race of giants who wrote their books before the Flood has been washed away and that we must give praise now to lesser things. But when America's book reviewers acclaim a novel like Harry Mulisch's *The Discovery of Heaven* as a major addition to Western literature, we have begun to settle for something lesser than we really need to.

Harry Mulisch
The Discovery of Heaven
Viking, $34.95

"In the sweeping speculative tradition of a Robert Musil or a Thomas Mann," declared *Newsday*. "One of the most entertaining and profound philosophical novels ever written," the *Washington Post* chimed in. "Like Homer, Dante, and Milton," the *Wall Street Journal* proclaimed (later adding, for good measure, Dostoyevsky, Umberto Eco, Sir Walter Scott, and H. Rider Haggard). But the fact that *The Discovery of Heaven* is a fat, 730-page philosophical novel of a kind we don't get much anymore should be beside the point. Harry Mulisch has written what is actually an enjoyable and quick-reading book, a little overlong and a little ponderous in Paul Vincent's translation from the Dutch, perhaps, but a fine reading project for the holidays. And that ought to be praise enough—except that nobody ever said such modest

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things about Musil's *The Man Without Qualities* or Mann's *The Magic Mountain*.

The gap between all-knowing, godlike narrators and their unknowing, human characters has bothered thoughtful novelists for more than a hundred years, and the solution of using what literary types call "fallible narration" has been fully explored, from Henry James's *The Ambassadors* (told by a deceived narrator) to Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* (told by a deceptive narrator). But in *The Discovery of Heaven*, Mulisch decides instead to run in the other direction by making his narrator inhuman—an angel reporting to his superior in the celestial hierarchy. An interesting if somewhat predictable double-view develops: Seen from the aspect of eternity, little things like causing a tree to fall on a car are minor angelic interventions in human affairs; seen from the aspect of the family of the woman crushed inside the car, the world has been turned upside down.

The angels don't like to drop trees on people, of course, much less fling meteorites around in densely populated Holland or cause the entire First World War just to bring an Austrian husband together with his Dutch wife. But the angels have a problem: God wants quick action. For several centuries, God has allowed humans to go their own way—and in the 16th century Lucifer seized his chance, entering into "a pact with mankind, a collective contract in which the whole of mankind sold its soul to him" in return for the divine powers of science. (That the pact was signed on our behalf by Francis Bacon shouldn't come as much surprise.) As Lucifer hoped, science quickly dissolved faith in God and His angels, and in disgust God has decided to annul His own covenant by shattering the Tablets of the Law He dictated to Moses. All He needs His angels to do is produce in three generations a human being capable of stealing the Tablets from their hiding place underneath the altar in the papal chapel of St. John Lateran in the Vatican.

The description of all this supernatural super-plotting takes Mulisch about 30 pages of interspersed angelic dialogue. The remaining 700 pages of *The Discovery of Heaven* tells the story of the poor people chosen to bring about the angels' cosmic scheme.

On a rainy night in the mid-1960s, a pair of peculiar Dutchmen—both conceived on the night of the Reichstag fire in 1933—meet and form one of those intense male friendships that confront the people who lack them with "a deficiency in themselves."

THIS IS A FINE READING PROJECT FOR THE HOLIDAYS. AND THAT OUGHT TO BE PRAISE ENOUGH.

A highborn Dutchman named Onno Quist is an amateur linguist who has just deciphered secrets written in Etruscan. His newfound friend, an astronomer trying to decipher secrets written in the light from distant stars, is Max Delius, the son of a Jewish mother who is denounced to the Nazis by his Aryan father. Quist is an untidy, unbathed giant with little interest in sex and a desperate desire to avoid his political heritage. Delius is a quick and fastidious little man whose chief hobby is seduction. Together the ill-matched pair of friends wanders the streets of Amsterdam, trying to top each other with ever grander, louder, and more outrageous explanations of European history, human psychology, and the origins of the universe.

Mulisch oddly refuses to develop his new novel's characters much beyond their initial set of eccentric characteristics, and *The Discovery of Heaven* remains a somewhat cold and distant book. Perhaps he believes that to develop his characters would be to weaken their symbolic value (though Thomas Mann did not find it so). But Mulisch's thesis seems to be that the study of history and the study of physics—or, more precisely, Archaeology and Astronomy, Quist and Delius—are the two forces shaping modern times. The symbolism becomes a little heavy-handed when Art itself, in the person of a virginal cellist named Ada, is caught up in a romantic triangle with the two men.

Seduced first by Delius, but married eventually to Quist, Ada, and her cello-playing, are responsible for the fateful invitation that brings the three dilettante radicals to a 1960s conference in Cuba on the future of Communist revolution. Swimming in the warm Caribbean sea after her performance (while her husband beds the widow of a Cuban revolutionary hero), Ada joins Delius in the adulterous coupling that conceives the angels' great desire. The child-to-be is Quinten Quist, the blessed messenger, the chosen one, who will obtain for the angels the Sacred Tablets God needs to break His ties to humankind.

Once the trio gets back to Holland, the angels intervene again, dropping a tree on Ada and putting her into a coma. The infant is rescued by a Caesarean delivery. Since Quist is a hopeless parent, the baby Quinten is taken off to live in a country commune with Ada's mother and Max Delius. There in the country, over the next fifteen years, the angelically beautiful, golden-haired Quinten learns from his eccentric neighbors the skills he will need to burglarize the Vatican: lock-picking, architecture, art his-

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tory, and sleuthing.

In its final 150 pages, *The Discovery of Heaven* shifts abruptly into a postmodern, half-serious parody of a crime thriller that owes a great deal to Umberto Eco's medieval detective story *The Name of the Rose*. (The first two-thirds of the book owes a considerable debt to Eco's later novel, *Foucault's Pendulum.*) The beautiful young Quinten finds his father Onno Quist in Rome and they collaborate on the divine burglary. Then they flee to Israel, where all Mulisch needs to finish off his story is an Islamic tour guide, a flying horse named Deep Thought Sunstar, a talking raven named Edgar, a miraculous ascension into heaven, and the fortuitous intervention of the Jerusalem city garbage department.

If this sounds like fun, that's because it is. *The Discovery of Heaven* has its flaws, of course, but those flaws appear mostly when we take the book too seriously. Compared with a novel like *The Magic Mountain*, *The Discovery of Heaven* is bound to suffer, and suffer unfairly, for Mulisch has written something that is not brilliant, but merely smart—or, better, merely savvy about the state of our general knowledge.

There's a great deal of talk in Mulisch's book, as there must be in any philosophical novel. Sometimes the conversational claims of the characters are convincing, as, for example, that the Dutch differ from other Europeans primarily because they kept out of the First World War but were in the Second. Sometimes they're merely interesting, as that 99 percent of Hitler's power came from his strange physical presence rather than his doctrines. And sometimes they're perverse, as that Mikhail Gorbachev is to goodness in the 20th century what Hitler is to evil. But mostly they're just lightweight. Mulisch's central claim that Machiavelli and Francis Bacon are the hinges on which the door to modernity opened will come as a revelation only to those who never read intellectual history. His claim that genetic research threatens fundamental changes to human life will surprise only those who never read the newspapers. His claim that "the general downfall of everything" in modern times derives from the loss of God will surprise only those who never read anything.

And yet, there may be something useful in comparing Mulisch with Mann, together with Musil, Joyce, Proust, and everyone else we think of as the chief modernist authors, if only as a measure of what we lack in books nowadays: a humor that isn't entirely flattened into irony, an intelligence that isn't entirely a parade of knowledge, a symbolism that believes at last in the intelligibility of both history and the self, and a narration that loves the humanity of its characters. Judged as a work of popular fiction, Mulisch's *The Discovery of Heaven* is a fine book, funny, intelligent, and well written. Judged as part of the project of Western literature, it gets us no forwarder. ♦

Books

THE ARCHITECT DAMNED

By Henry Hope Reed

When you hold in your hand a book by a great-granddaughter about a famous and important great-grandfather, you might expect to be in for some unusual insight. But such is not the case with Suzannah Lessard's treatment of Stanford White. *The Architect of Desire* is a disappointing book, a Hollywood-style display of dirty linen by a disgruntled family member.

Suzannah Lessard
The Architect of Desire: Beauty and Danger in the Stanford White Family
Dial Press, $24.95

White is not the only victim here: His entire tribe comes under indictment, both the dead and the living. White was killed at Madison Square Garden in 1906 by "Mad Harry" Thaw, whose wife, Evelyn Nesbit (the "Girl on the Swing"), had had an affair with White. They called it the "Crime of the Century," and Lessard holds that it left indelible marks on White's descendants. She warns in a "Note to the Reader" that "the names of some of the individuals in this book have been changed to protect their privacy and the privacy of their families." Then she wades into it, with solemnity and self-righteousness and not a little vulgarity. For someone who sprang from such a (presumably) polite background—Lessard grew up in a compound on Long Island—she seems not to have learned proper manners.

Her leaden self-righteousness is most evident in her embrace of the pathetic fallacy about architecture: that inanimate objects (e.g., buildings) bear human traits. In a typical comment, she says that "[White's] neoclassical architecture is about power without love and without prayer." And she contrasts her great-grandfather's work with

Henry Hope Reed is president of Classical America and author of the forthcoming United States Capitol: Its Architecture and Decoration.

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Thomas Jefferson's this way: "In the context of the open tenderness and authenticity of Jefferson's architecture, the very sophistication of Stanford's buildings exposes a kind of emptiness—as if the buildings were a performance, a kind of dressing-up; a charade. In Jefferson's architecture, by contrast, there is thoughtfulness, humility, and, above all, conviction . . ." Lessard depicts wealth as evil, decoration as conspicuous consumption, and grand buildings as imperialism.

This message is not unfamiliar. We have heard it before, from the modernists in the 1930s, who were eager to banish tradition in architecture, particularly the classical tradition. To them, classical architecture was rich man's architecture. The classical architect, unlike the enlightened modernist, was indifferent to public housing, to the problems of the poor, to the necessity of reforming society.

And Stanford White stood for all of this, for everything that was to be rejected. Moreover, he was a notorious womanizer, as his great-granddaughter amply documents—and this, she believes, gives his architecture the taint of immorality. Her book has been rightly seen as fixed on the "psychology of architecture," and it will therefore bring smiles to the faces of art historians who have a way of turning to economics, to sociology—to anything but the essence of art. These days, the sexual is viewed as the source of practically every human activity. This is not entirely new, admittedly: Lewis Mumford gave us the sexual interpretation of city planning (in which a straight street is "male"). But whatever direction this brand of psychologizing takes, we can be certain that it will depend on the misattribution of the human to the inanimate.

The Architect of Desire exhibits yet another curious phenomenon of books on architecture: the mockery, even disdain, of the wealthy client. Lessard (and others) have condemned White for associating with the rich. Perhaps they should consider how an architect makes his living. The rich act as patrons (or should; if they do not, they are in some sense failures). The Vanderbilts lined Fifth Avenue with their mansions, and to Mr. Duke we owe a splendid Gothic campus by Horace Trumbauer in North Carolina. When it comes to patrons, however, Lessard can only snigger.

Still, the book is not entirely useless. It offers a glimpse of White at his firm, among his partners, from whom it is not easy to isolate his work. Today, we set a high premium on the individual's role in painting, sculpture, and (it follows) architecture, but White insisted that "no member of our firm is ever individually responsible for any design which goes out from it." And Lessard is good enough to include a passage from John Jay Chapman, a shrewd and cultivated observer of the first decades of this century. For him, White "had the vitality of a giant. He had the same divine frenzy that great politicians are born with. He was pervasive. Not a day passed without one's hearing something new about him." And this, truly, is one of the few crumbs of value to be found in this cheerless volume. ♦

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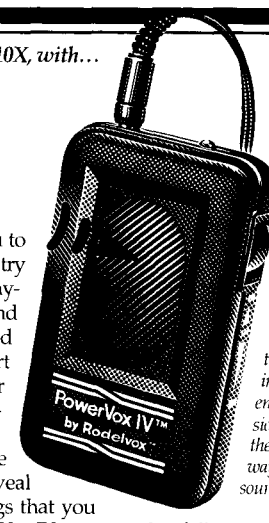

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WHITE HOUSE COUNSEL Jack Quinn resigned unexpectedly. Quinn is President Clinton's fourth counsel to resign in as many years. A search for his replacement in the grueling job is now underway. —*News item.*

Parody

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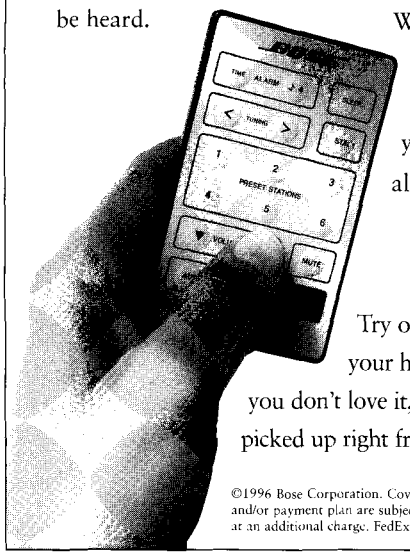

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Ask about FedEx® delivery when you call. FedEx® Federal Express

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☐ Yes, I'd like to hear more about the Bose® Wave® radio.

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Jefferson's Vision of Christmas Future

They say that time heals all wounds but it also clouds the memory of the past. When America was born, the one timeless slogan that has endured is "No taxation without Representation!"

Our founding fathers knew all too well the dangers of a government in need of hard cash. To prevent America from becoming another Big Brother state, any form of a direct income tax was strictly forbidden. Government funding was restricted to purely a consumption or excise based tax. The reason was quite simple. Government action is determined by the tax system employed. The difference between a direct form of income tax and a consumption tax is startling.

Direct Income Tax

Government needs to know everything. Where you work, live, marital status, number of children, who your parents are, what gifts they might give to you or your children, how much savings you have, what interest you earn, what expenses you have, how much time you work at home, etc.

And if your parents die, you cannot open a safety deposit box without a representative of the government being present. In other words, Big Brother has to watch every citizen, know everything they are doing and what investments they have made for the future.

Consumption Tax

Government only needs to know where the stores are located. That's it - no file on you, your family or parents! The more desperate government becomes the more freedom we lose. Already, if you leave the US on vacation, custom's agents are searching people's wallets looking for credit card receipts to see what you may have spent overseas. Then they inform your local State and 3 years later your are hit with State use taxes plus interest and penalties.

If we do not get Marxism out of the American tax code, our children will lose all memory of what Freedom was all about.

For more information on the Princeton Proposal for tax reform & economic growth, contact:

PRINCETON ECONOMIC INSTITUTE
214 Carnegie Center Princeton, NJ 08540
Tel: 609-987-9522 Fax: 609-987-0726
http://www.pei-intl.com

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